# GUZMAN.

## A

# COMEDY.

Acted at the

*THEATRE-ROYAL.*

---

Written by the

**Right Honorable the Earl of *ORRERY.***

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*LONDON:*

Printed for *Francis Saunders* at the Blue Anchor in the Lower Walk of the *New-Exchange* in the *Strand.* 1693.

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# PLAYS Printed for *Francis Saunders.*

HEnry the Fifth. *Muſtapha. Black Prince. Tryphon.* And *Guzman.* All Written by the Earl of *Orrery:* And are to be had ſingle, or bound together.

With them may likewiſe be Bound, or Bound by themſelves, *The Surprizal. The Committee. The Indian Queen. The Veſtal Virgin.* And *Duke of Lerma.* All Written by the Honorable Sir *Robert Howard.*

All Mr. *Dryden*'s Plays: In Two Volumes, or ſingle; *viz.*

| TRAGEDIES. | COMEDIES. |
|---|---|
| *All for Love.* | *Amphytrion.* |
| *Aurengezebe.* | *King Arthur.* |
| *Amboyna.* | *Love in a Nunnery.* |
| *Cleomenes.* | *Limberham, or the kind Keeper.* |
| *Don Sebaſtian.* | *Mock Aſtrologers.* |
| *Duke of Guiſe.* | *Maiden Queen.* |
| *Conqueſt of Granada.* | *Sir Martin Marr-All.* |
| *Indian Emperor.* | *Marriage A-la-mode.* |
| *Oedipus.* | *Spaniſh Fryar.* |
| *Royal Martyr.* | *State of Innocence.* |
| *Rival Ladies.* | *Tempeſt.* |
| *Troylus and Creſſida.* | *Wild Gallant.* |
| And, *The Eſſay on Dramatick Poeſie.* | |

All Mr. *Shadwell*'s Plays, in one Volume, or ſingle.

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| *Royal Shepherdeſs.* | *Woman Captain.* |
| *Virtuoſo.* | *Squire of Alſatia.* |
| *Pſyche.* | *Bury Fair.* |
| *Libertine.* | *Amorous Bigot.* |
| *Epſom Wells.* | *Scowrers.* |
| *Timon of Athens.* | *Voluntiers.* |
| *Miſer.* | |

Any other Play, ſingle or in Volumes.

# GUZMAN.

A

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## ACT I.

*The First Scene is a Piazza, with Walks of Trees, and Houses round about it.*

Enter *Guivarro*, *Alvarez*, *Maria* and *Lucia*.

*Guiv.* WEEP not, *Maria*, thy Tears afflict me more than all the rest of our Misfortunes can.

*Alva.* Dear *Lucia*! Do not Sigh, since 'twas not by our Crimes, but our Dead Fathers Prodigality, that we are now reduc'd to this low Condition.

*Maria.* I mourn not for my Self, but for our Family, bred up to all the Pleasures of a great Estate, but knew not of his Debts, till, at his Death, all that he had was Seized on; Why were we waked out of that Charming Dream?

*Lucia.* And you, our dearest Brothers, reduced to wait upon Two Lords, to whom you were by Birth to be Companions.

*Guiv.* Alas, we are not only ty'd to wait upon their Persons, but their Humours too, A Servitude which nothing could Engage us in, but to Support you and your Sisters: But that end makes all ways pleasant which leads to it.

*Alva.* Prethee forbear, our fortunes are so sad, that rather than lament we should study how to mend them, though *Oviedo* and *Pyrrho* have their Defects, yet they are liberal Masters, and by their Money we have furnish'd for your Use, that fine Appartment you are now to lodge in, by which we have been able to lay a Design, so likely to succeed, that the Joy it gives me, has suppressed my Grief.

*Guiv.* We do but wear the Names of Servants, and thereby Command their Purses; as we hope you Two shall soon their Hearts; your Births, your Educations, and your Beauties, joined with our Contrivances, must restore our withered Fortunes; *Francisco*, our Youngest Brother, who was bred up under a great Astrologer, we have hir'd a House for, and have already made him famous for Telling Fortunes, nay for Negromancy; his Conjuring Name you must remember is *Alcanzar*.

*Alva.* You two must cry him up to all the Ladies, and the Gallants, you converse with. Our Youngest Sister *Julia*, we have plac'd with *Leonora*, the Rich Widow, Mother to the Great Heiresses, *Antonia* and *Pastrana*.

*Guiv.* These are the Foundations on which we mean to build, you both must live after the manner which we shall direct. But you must hastily retire, for I see *Oviedo* and *Pirrasco*, with their Two Uncles *Salazar* and *Fernando*, coming. [*Ex. Mal.* and *Lucia.*

Enter *Oviedo*, *Pirrasco*, *Salazar*, and *Fernando*, with Spectacles on their Noses.

*Salaz.* *Antonia* and *Pastrana* are the most Eminent for Wealth and Beauty; my Brother, your deceased Father, made it the Business of his Life to Wed you there.

*Fern.* And had, before his Death, so far advanced it, as now it rests on you to perfect what his Care so well began.

*Ovi.* Uncles, the Old are unfit to chuse Wives for the Young.

*Pir.* Men should look with Eyes, and not with Spectacles in Affairs of Love.

*Ovied.* Nor would I Wed the Empress of the World, though she were the greatest Beauty of it, in that dull Method of our grave Fore-Fathers; 'Sfoot, they marry'd as they purchased Lands, agreed upon the Bargain, then entred and took Possession.

*Pirr.* They Wedded Wealth to Wealth, when the chief Benefit of Riches is, to make Election of what most we like.

*Salaz.* And if what most you like have Riches too, I hope that makes it not the Worse.

*Ovied.* To me it does exceedingly; it gives a Wife too great a Motive to be proud, when she can upbraid her Husband, that 'twas she (forsooth,) increased his Fortune, whereas Marrying for Beauty only pleases me, obliges her, and keeps her humble too.

*Fern.* These are new Maxims Nephew.

*Pirr.* And therefore I like them the better; I have seen so much Mischief happen by following the Old, that I am resolved to try some fresh Experiments.

*Ovied.* 'Twould be an Injustice to all Humane Kind, if still the Rich should only Wed the Rich, the World would then consist only of Usurers and Beggars: But if Rich Men marry the poor and handsom Women, and the Rich Women the Poor and handsom Men, the Gifts of Nature, and of Fortune, will be equally distributed; Delight and Wealth so shar'd will restore to both the Sexes that Happiness, which the Old formal Ways of acting have so long deprived them of.

*Pirr.* Young and handsom is Portion enough to him that needs not any.

*Salaz.* Notwithstanding these fine Axioms, pray visit them, or at least shew us better Reasons why you will not.

*Pirr.* Why 'tis Reason enough, that thus you press us to it, I hate Constraint in any thing, and in Love above all things.

*Fra.* Yes, yes, pretty well, but now *Guzman*, you have discharg'd let me march up and give Fire too.

*Ovied.* Pray, Uncles! press us no more! our Father rul'd us whilst he was alive, and we'll rule our Selves now he is Dead.

*Pirr.* Why, this is as bad to us as if he were still living.

*Fern.* Farewell! we pity you [*Ex. Salaz.* and *Fernand.*

*Ovied.* And we our Selves whilst you are with us; But now they are gone; Tell me my *Pirracco*, why you will not Court *Antonia*.

*Pirr.* I will, so you will tell me, Why you will not Court *Pastrana*.

*Ovied.* Because, I doubt, should I make her an Address, none would dare to be my Rival; 'tis known I love a Duel more than I love a Mistress, and delight to make my Conquest over Men, my ways to be Victorious over Woman—Now your Reason.——

*Pirr.* I will never marry till I can get a Wife by some Stratagem; She, that I can take when She is at her own dispose, will never attempt to break from one, who, she has experimented, has the Master-Wit. And should I now Win *Antonia*, our Solemn Uncles would brag they and my Father got her for me: I Scorn to build on others Mens Foundations. But, Did you ever see *Pastrana*?

*Ovied.* No more than you have seen *Antonia*.

*Guiv.* These Resolves are pretty; he that has no Brains will get a Wife by a Stratagem; and that has no Heart will get his Wife by a Duel.

*Alva.* I doubt they resolve to live Batchelors.

*Enter* Guzman *and* Francisco, *Muffled in their Cloaks, with Musicians following 'em.*

*Fran.* 'Tis under that Balcony, you must Play and Sing.

*Guz.* Are you sure it is *Antonia* and *Pastrana*'s Window?

*Fran.* Are you sure your Name's *Guzman*, and mine *Francisco*?

*Ovie.* Why, What's the matter? [*While the Musick is Tuning,*

*Guiv.* Do you not see some muffl'd there? *Guivar. and Alvarez run to Ovied. and Pirr. & bid 'em stand upon their Guards.*

*Pirr.* Pish! those are Gallants who intend to give a Serenade to some Ladies, but yet I may Mistake, and they may have some design on us.

*Ovied.* However, I love to have my Sword in a readiness; when this is in my hand, let others fear, for *I* cannot.

*Pirr.* Prithee let's be gone, I like not Duels in the Dark.

*Ovied.* What afraid, *Pirracco*?

*Pirr.* No, no, only in all things I love Circumspection.

## SONG.

*OPEN those Casements which Confine*
*The Brightest Beauties that do shine;*
*Beauties which such Strong Beams display*
*As out of Night can form a Day.*
*A Day which they have power to Crown*
*With Joy or with despair;*
*For as they Smile, or as they frown,*
*So they can make it foul or fair.* [*Ex. Musick.*

*Guzm.* Appear, fair Nymphs! and by the Lustre of your Eyes
Restore us Day before the Sun does rise.
I hope I rehearsed the Distick right; and by *Musens* I'me sure spoke it Heroically.

Muſick but to the Ear does Joy diſpence,
But your fair Eyes will Raviſh every Sence.

Ladies, the Fame of your Triumphant Beauties has made us take this way to ſatisfie our Curioſities in ſeeing them.

[*A Balcony open, in which* Antonia *appears dreſt in Pink-Colour, and* Paſtrana *in Sky-coloured Gowns.* Ovi. *And* Pirr. *ſeemed ſurprized and amazed.*

*Anto.* Is your Friend a Carthuſian, or elſe a Stranger that does not underſtand our Language, and therefore chuſes you to ſpeak for both.

[Guzm. *makes many ridiculous Legs and Faces, but does not ſpeak.*

*Guzm.* No, Ladies, I hope ere long to convince you, that I have not forſworn Fleſh, but am ſtudying for the fitteſt Words to tell you, that I make a Preſent of my Heart to you.

*Paſtr.* To which of us?

*Fra.* Say, To her in the Sky-Colour.

*Guzm.* I thank you; as if I could not tell better than you which pleaſes me; I ſay, I love her in the Pink beſt.

*Fra.* Why, ſhe is my Miſtreſs.

*Guzm.* That's pleaſant: Since when? Since when? Nay, no ſtudying.

*Fra.* Since I ſaw her firſt.

*Guzm.* And ſhe is mine juſt as long a Time: There is not one Moments difference, between the Births of our two Loves, by *Gemini*, I think they are Twins.

*Fra.* But mines the Elder, and if you will diſpute it, the beſt Sword ſhall try the Title.

*Guzm.* Nay, Sir, if you be ſo hot, know I wear an Iron Toy as well as you.

*Fra.* I'll try if you can uſe it as well as I can mine.

[*offers to Draw.*

*Guzm.* What? draw before a Woman, you ſhew your Breeding; but if you will be drawing, let it be Lots rather than Swords to determin whoſe ſhe ſhall be.

*Fra.* I ſcorn to rely on Fortune, when true valour ought to decide it.

*Guzm.* You are too haſty, Capt. Hector, ſince fortune is as blind as Love, ſhe ſeems to me the fitteſt Judge in our Cauſe; nor will I fight for her, till from her Self I know ſhe is for me.

*Fra.* The way to make her for thee, is in her Sight bravely to kill me.

*Guzm.* And then bravely to be hanged for't, if I were as poor as thou art, I would not care to ſuffer Death for any thing, much leſs for a Miſtreſs, as thou would'ſt order this Intrigue, I muſt either miſs my Love, or not miſs the Gallows.

*Fra.* Will you not fight then?

*Guzm.* Not yet, and for to ſpeak the Truth, I like 'em both ſo well, that which of them declares for me, I ſhall love her the beſt: yet, were I to chooſe, little Pink-Colour for my Pallat.

*Paſtr.* Are you yet agreed to which of us you make a Preſent of your Heart.

*Guzm.* E'en to which of you will firſt accept it; for your Beauties are equally ſo great, that I know not to which of you to give it. But either of you that have moſt mind to it may take it, 'tis at both your Services I aſſure you.

*Pirr.* They are Charming Fair.

*Ovid.* to *Guz.* and *Alva.* Go both of you and learn their Names and Qualities.

[*Ex. Gui. and Alva.*

*Ovid.* Now for a Stratagem, my *Pirraco*, to get the Pink-Colour Beauty from thoſe two Rivals.

*Pirr.*

*Pirr.* Here you may meet with what you moſt deſire, Beauty and Rivals, why do you loſe time to make your Conqueſt over Men, the way to be victorious over Women.

*Ovied.* Pauſe a little I mean to dog theſe Gallants to their Lodgings, to Night, that I may ſee them in the Field to morrow.

*Paſtr.* We have had as much diſpute, who ſhould accept your Heart, as you have had to which of us you will give it.

*Fra.* to *Anto.* Ah! through my Eyes, Madam, you have Stoln away my Heart.

*Anto.* I doubt your Courage, Sir, is ſmall, ſince your Heart can be drawn through ſo Strait a Paſſage.

*Fra.* Do not believe, becauſe my Paſſion's great, my Courage is but ſmall. Loves does often admirable things. Your Beauties, I confeſs, are vaſt, yet, ſince they find a Paſſage through my Eyes into my Heart, why may not my Heart as well find a Paſſage through my Eyes to you: Madam, you may as well condemn your own Charms, as doubt my Valour on the Score you do

Guzm. *hems thrice.*

*Beauty in Pink,*
*How canſt thou think*
*That* Guzman's *Heart is ſmall,*
*When thou doſt ſee*
*He dares love thee*
*And tell it in a Madrigal.*

*Anto.* By this Light a Poet, Siſter.

*Paſtr.* He a Poet, alas, good Man! this is only what he has been taught by Rote.

*Guzm.* Hold thy Peace, Envy: I ſay this is a Spanker Madrigal, and newly minted in my Brain.

*Paſtr.* And, I ſay, Sir Poet Fop, If you can make an *Extempore* Sonnet, chuſe which of us you like the beſt, and ſhe ſhall be your Miſtreſs.

*Guzm.* A Match by *Homer*. Dear *Franciſco*, thou art a Wit, help me at this Dead lift, and, by our Miſtreſs's Virginity, Ile do the as good a Turn.

*Fra.* Thou that haſt ſo ſtrong a fancy, as to Imagine I will help thee to get my Miſtreſs, haſt the beſt Ingredient of a Poet; but, what the Devil ſet the thus a *Madrigalling*?

*Guzm.* Why, thou know'ſt I have ſtill had a Twittering to be a Cottager of *Parnaſſus*, beſides, I love the *Muſes*, becauſe they are Wenches, and therefore I never have an Amorous Fit, but at the ſame time I have a Poetical One.

*Fra.* Then thou art in Love, or need'ſt not my Aſſiſtance; but in this Caſe I will afford the none.

*Paſtr.* Come, Fumbler, are you ready.

*Guzm.* Hang your Aſſiſtance, I ſcorn to be beholding to it. If Madam, my muſe cannot walk on her Feet, Ee'n let her Lady-ſhip fall.

*Anto.* Is this the *Stanza* you promiſe us? It runs as dull as any Proſe.

*Guzm.* 'Slid, ſhe takes what I laſt ſpoke to thee for Verſes, I ſee ſhe's not a Wit: And therefore doſt not thou think I may paſs any thing upon her for a *Madrigal*.

*Fra.* Try, try; Any thing that Rhimes may Serve.

*Guzm.* Why, there's it; by Cupid, when I would not make Sonnets my fancy will coyn nothing elſe; and now, that I would make but one, and when my Miſtreſs for that one does look, I'm duller than a Lover, that's forſook. Why, here's Witch craft again, Rhime and Verſes when I need it not.

But when I moſt deſire in both to ſpeak
I then find, to my Grief, I am to ſeek!
Look! by *Pegaſus*, a third effect of Magick.

I am *Ovid* when I ſpeak to thee, but *de Triſtibus* when I am to ſpeak to her.

*Fra.* Turn thy Face towards her e'er the Poetical Rapture's ſpent, and imagin thou ſpeak'ſt to me; for if thou haſt not a ſtronger Fancy, thou ſhould'ſt deſpair of being a Poet.

*Guzm.* I'll try: Now, Lady, liſten to my *Extempore Stanza*.

*Paſtr.* We have ſo long expected it, that we have reaſon to believe 'tis premeditated.

*Guzm.* By *Virgil*, the Fit is ſpent, there's no more Hypocrinian Moiſture in my Brain than in the Palm of a Witch's Hand. Rather

[Guzm. *hems thrice, opens his Mouth thrice, but ſays nothing; then angryly and amazedly turns to* Franciſco.

Than I will ſuch Affronts indure,
I will for ever Poetry abjure:

By *Lucan*'s *Farſalia* I am faſcinated, and by thee; I can no ſooner turn to thee, but I ſpit Verſes faſter than a flux'd Wencher does his Rhume,

But when towards her I do but turn my Noſe,
I cannot ſpeak to her in Verſe or Proſe.

Again, by *Hellicon*, 'tis admirable, 'tis prodigious, 'tis amazing; Haſt thou not given me ſome Spell? Or, Is my Muſe the Needle, and thou the North, that I muſt ſtill turn towards thee? Prithee, *Franciſco*, do thou ſtand under the Balcony, and look this way, and then, if I do not make a *Stanza*, I'll take my leave of Poetry and Love.

*Fran.* I'll humour thee, for once, though it be againſt the Intereſt of my Love. [Fran. *goes under the Balcony.*

*Anto.* Well, Sir, I find you are not an *Extempore* Poet, or you have with Premeditation reſolved to refuſe us.

*Paſtr.* He a Poet! I tell you, Siſter, he has an arrant Proſe-Look, a Face which ſeems to be the Antipodes to Wit; I had rather abjure the Love of all Men, than have that maukiſh Mien haunt me with his: Why, he'll as ſoon make a handſom Man as a handſom *Stanza*; one is now as much an Impoſſibility in Nature, as the other is in his Art.

*Guzm.* Marry come up, Goody *Penthiſilea*, you hector it with your Tongue, becauſe you can't do it with your Eyes; and would have me to quarrel with your Uſage, when my Quarrel is to your Face, you did well to prevent me, elſe I had cried Whore firſt: There's an Elegy for your Epigram; and having thus conquer'd you in Proſe, have at you now in Verſe.

I Love not you
That go in Blue,
If you will I'll take my Oath on it;
But 'tis your Companion
I love above any one.
And there's an *Extempore* Sonnet. [Anto. & Paſtra. *laugh.*

I'm ſure I have pleas'd them now, for I have made them laugh.

*Fra.* Yes, but 'twas at thee.

*Guzm.* How! Dares any laugh at me.

*Fra.* Yes; any that dares hear thy Verſes.

*Guzm.* Why, Thou did'ſt hear them.

*Fra.* And therefore I could not hold laughing at them.

*Guzm.* Here's that ſhall make thee cry. [*Draws his Sword, and flings the Scabbard away.*

*Fra.* Here's that ſhall ſecure me from it. [*Draws his Sword.*

*Anto.* Though I like your Verſes ill, yet perhaps I ſhall like your Fighting worſe, and therefore I'll not ſee it.

*Paſtr.* Nay, if you will Duel it, you ſhall do it without the Seconds.

[Paſtr. *and* Anto. *ſhut the Balcony, and retire.*

*Fra.*

*Fra.* If you will combat, draw your Sword in a good Cauſe, you can not have a worſe than this; yet, if you will be doing, come on, you ſhall not want Employment. [*Aſide.*] There's no other way but this to fright him.

*Guzm.* Stay! I will conſult my Honour.

*Pirr.* Away, the Beauties are withdrawn, and I ſee Men with naked Swords coming towards us; the beſt Stratagem in this Caſe is a ſafe Retreat. [*Ex.* Pirracco.

*Ovied.* Stay, *Pirracco*, the Number's equal; but now he's gone, it is not ſo. Not *Hercules* againſt two.

*Ovied.* 'Sdeath! What horrid Thruſts that Villain makes, he ſees his Odds, and I am ſo ſenſible of it, that I'll ſtay no longer; yet I'll go off bravely Fighting. [*Ex.*

[*As ſoon as* Pirr. *is gone,* Guzm. *puts himſelf into a Fencing poſture, and makes many Thruſts that way*; Ovi. *is crying at every Thruſt, Hagh, Hagh* [Oviedo, *going out, thruſts his Sword backwards towards* Guzm.

*Fra* Who is that which makes ſuch haſt away?

*Guzm.* Some that I frighted with the deadly Thruſts I made. You ſee, *Franciſco*, I can Fence, and give the Mortal Touch.

*Fra.* 'Tis ſafer for you to Fence againſt the Air than againſt me.

*Guzm.* Well! I have conſider'd, and am reſolved; It misbecomes a Man of my Eſtate and Education to fight by Owl-Light, and in the Streets; we'll defer our Duel to another time; beſides, ſhe before and for whom I would fight has withdrawn her ſelf; let us put up.

*Fra.* Content: But do you think the Lady in the Blue will ever put up the Words you gave her.

*Guzm.* By *Eribus*, that's pretty, did ſhe not firſt begin with me?

*Fra.* Yes; but you ſhould have conſider'd her Sex.

*Guzm.* And ſhe ſhould have conſider'd mine; for I'm ſure 'tis fitter for a Woman to bear ill Language than for a Man to do it. I am ſo tender in point of Honour, that if mine were offended, though by a Child of four Years old, yet I would reſent it to the laſt degree; beſides, the Feminine Sex is ſo paultry a Sex, as I have no reverence for any one of it, that I am not firſt in Love with: But prithee help me, 'tis my Cuſtom when I draw my Sword to fling away the Scabbard, and now I cannot find it.

*Fra.* Was there ever ſuch a vapouring Coward?

*Pirr.* *Oviedo* and I left the place only becauſe they did out-number us.

*Guiv.* How many were there of 'em, Sir?

[*While at one end of the Stage they are groping for the Scabbard, there enters at the other* Pirracco, Guivarro, Alvares.

*Pirr.* Juſt three, that made me call but to you two, for I ſcorn Odds, now if they three continue here, our Numbers being alike, we'll make 'em ſport; I could not ſleep with any ſeeming Stain upon my Reputation.

*Alva.* I ſee them, and I think there are but Two.

*Pirr.* There are no more of them now; I wonder where a Duce the Third is fled: Well, ſince there are but Two, only you Two ſhall fall on them; I hate to take Advantages, no, not by Countenancing my Revenge; if you both return with their two Swords, as proof of Victory, bring 'em ro me, and I'll largely Reward your Valour and Succeſs. But be ſure *Oviedo* knows nothing of this whole Affair. [*Ex.* Pirracco.

*Alva.* Upon my Life there were but Two at firſt; his Fear made him plot what he ſays his Honour makes him do.

*Guiv.* No matter, ſince we muſt be his Bravoes, let us firſt make his Enemies pay for it, and then himſelf. Ho! What are you? And, What is it you are doing there.

*Guzm.* What a quarrelſom Voice that Rogue has? [Guzm. *peeps between his own Legs.*

*Alv.* Are you Mutes?

*Guzmi*

*Guzm.* I'm ſearching for my Scabbard, I wiſh you'd help me to find it; I loſt it even now in a Rencounter I had with the fierce Young *Guzman*.

*Alv.* Your Sword then is the readier to fight with me.

*Guzm.* *Franciſco*, do thou anſwer him; for I'm ſo tickliſh in Point of Honour, as I ſhall make a Quarrel of it.

*Fra.* Who are you that thus unprovok'd come to offend us; if you come to fight, hold up but your little Finger, and you ſhall need no other Provocation.

*Guzm.* 'Tis the Poverty of the Rogue makes him thus Valiant; he has nothing but a Life to loſe, which every day coſts him ſo much trouble to maintain, that 'tis more eaſie to be rid of it.

*Guiv.* Sure that's *Franciſco*'s Voice.

*Alv.* If 'tis not his, 'tis very like it, *Franciſco*.

*Fra.* *Alvares*.

*Alv.* Yes.

*Fra.* Speak ſoftly: Who's there beſides?

*Alv.* 'Tis our Brother *Guivarro*.

*Guiv.* What makes you here, *Franciſco*?

*Fra.* You ſhall know another time.

*Alv.* Who is that with you?

*Fra.* The Rich *Guzman*, who maintains me better than all my Aſtrology can.

*Guiv.* O! if it be he, a little Oratory will perſuade him to give us up his Sword, we muſt have yours too, it ſhall bring us Gold.

*Fra.* My Sword!

*Alv.* Inquire not, Why we muſt have it? for the good of the Family.

*Fra.* Well, what muſt be, muſt be; but yet I'll ſeem as if I fought, and call him to my help, which is the moſt Compendious Courſe to make him run; a Buſtle will make him think I fought bravely, which ſhall add to our common Stock no ſmall Sum.

*Alv.* I'll ſtop his Flight, for he has already put on a Running Look.

*Guzm.* By *Alexander* the Magnificent they mean to make a ſet Buſineſs of it; and I think this long Parley is but to meaſure their Swords, which, while they are doing, I'll meaſure how many of my largeſt Strides it is from hence to the next Sanctuary.

*Alv.* I know 'tis me you ſeek.

*Guzm.* Upon my Honour I do not, Sir.

*Alv.* What! leave your Friend engag'd, and in your Quarrel; conſider, Sir, your Reputation.

[Guiv. *and* Fran. *make as if they Fight*; Guzm. *ſteals off the Stage, has his Way intercepted by* Alvares.

*Guzm.* How he mouths that Word; 'tis his own Quarrel upon my Credit, Sir, as he began it, let him end it too for me. [Fra. *flings down* Guiv. *& diſarms him.*

*Guiv.* Help, Friend, I am down.

*Alv.* to *Fran.* parting from *Guzman.* Unhand my Friend, or thou art dead.

*Fra.* to *Alv.* I am ready too for you, Sir. [*They fight.*

Courage, *Guzman*, we ſhall get Honour here.

*Guzman.* No, my Fighting Friend, we will get no Honour here; you ſhall have it all to your own ſelf, I will not rob you of any part of it; I ſee you are ſtrong enough for both, and do not need my help.

*Guiv.* Stand ſtill, or I'll ſhoot thee dead.

*Guzm.* 'Slid, 'tis a Blunderbuſs; Well, Sir, I ſtand as ſtill as a Man can do, that has a Gun levell'd at his Heart.

*Guiv.* Son of a Batchelor, do not I ſee ever Limb of thee ſtir?

[*While* Guzm. *is the Second Time ſtealing off*, Guiv. *haſtily ſnatches up* Guzman's *Scabbard, which he ſlaps to his Shoulder, and levels at him as if it were a Gun.*

*Guzm*

*Guzm.* My Circumference perhaps may trepidate; but as I am a *Cavalier*, I am not mov'd one hairs breadth from the Center I ſtood in, when you firſt condemn'd me to it.

*Guiv.* I doubt thou art a Coward.

*Guzm.* Had I your Archebuſe, a Croche, and you but my ſimple Sword, perhaps I ſhould put you into as bad a fit of the Palſey as you have now ſurpriz'd me into.

*Guiv.* Il'e try thee; here, give me thy Sword; and I'll give thee my Gun; if I tremble when thou doſt level it at me, then call me Coward too.

*Guzm,* Content.—Courage *Franciſco*, I am coming to thy help with my Artillery. [*Guz.* gives *Guiv.* firſt his Sword; then *Gui.* gives him his Scabbard.

*Guiv.* Preſent at me now Don *Quixot*. [Guiv. *laughs.*

*Guzm.* By *Vulcan* tis my own Scabbard; had I known this had bin your only Fire-Arms, I would have made you as active as you have made me fix'd: By *Meduſa*'s head I am cheated.

*Guiv.* Nay, rather than you ſhall complain, we'll Exchange again; I deſire but the Scabbard at any time to get thy Sword from thee——here.

*Guzm.* No Sir, Give a thing and take a thing, I ſcorn it: Beſides, as things now are handl'd, I am out of a poſſibility of committing a Murther on you, and I hope this Charm———— [*Flings a Purſe.* will reſtrain you from acting one on me.

*Guiv.* Well Sir, to ſhew you I am liberal too, I preſent you with my Leather—*Blunderbuſs*; tis a Modern Invention may be worth all the Mony now in your Purſe, and Exchange you know is no Robbery.

*Guzm.* Shall I not have my Toledo too?

*Guiv.* No Sir, I have moſt need of it; you have now nothing worth defending: I've your late Purſe to guard. Your Servant Sir, away Friend. [*Ex. Guiv.* and *Alvares.*

*Guzm.* A Scabbard and no Purſe! Things are diſcreetly match'd: By *Ptolomy*, this has been a damnable Intrigue.

*Fran.* O *Guzman!* Hadſt thou but play'd the Man when I had flung down and diſarm'd my Antagoniſt, we had gotten Immortal Fame; but now thou art loſt in Infamy: Thy Sword taken from thee, by him who had only the Scabbard to do it with!

*Guzm.* Fie on all Inchanters, ſay I: I tell thee *Franciſco*, when t'was in his hand t'was a *Fuſee*, I ſaw it Cock'd, the Muzzel was bigger than any *Blunderbuſs* which made me mention to thee Aſſiſtance and Artillery; but aſſoon as it came into my hand it was Metamorphos'd into that Raſcally Scabbard of mine: I tell thee all this Night's Adventures have been Magical; Thoſe whom thou tookeſt but for two Men, and ſeem'd to me no more after the day was loſt by us, appear'd to me to be the Cavalry of the great *Mogul*.

*Franc.* Did not thy Fear multiply them?

*Guzm.* Fear! Why I tell thee an *Alexander* might fear to Fight againſt ſuch an Army as thoſe were, had they been but Men; but being all Goblins, as I'll be ſworn they were; by *Proſerpin* 'tis happy we came off as we did.

*Fran.* I confeſs I begin to believe there was ſome of the black Art in our Diſaſter; and I more than doubt the fam'd *Alcanzar* has had a hand in it.

*Guzm.* Who is this *Alcanzar*?

*Franc.* The Miracle of this Age: He can tell things to come more perfectly than old Records declare what's paſt: He can Inchant, give Charms to make men Invulnerable, Filters to Ingender Love: In a word, what er'e he will, he does.

*Guzm.* Doſt thou know him?

*Franc.* Know him? yes I was bred under him.

*Guzm.* By *Pluto* then he gave thee a Charm this Night, that thou haſt ſcap'd unwounded: Fie on thee, 'twas that made thee ſo deviliſh Valiant: But ſince he will ſell Safety, I am Rich enough and Wiſe enough to buy it: Prethee hire his Art for me, 'Ile pay him liberally.

*Franc.* Come, let's return to your Houſe; and there we'l lay ſome Plot to Act Revenge and to recover Honour. Cheer up.

*The great* Alcanzar *I'll Ingage for you;*
*And what his Art has done, it ſhall undo.* [*Exeunt.*

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# ACT II.

## *The Scene with the Chimny in it.*

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Enter Guzman *and* Franciſco. [*with a Paper.*

*Fran.* I Came juſt now from *Alcanzar*, and as an Earneſt of your future Liberality, aſſur'd him of 500 Crowns before Dinner, and at Two in the Afternoon you muſt attend him alone; for he will admit of no Witneſſes, leſt the prodigious Effects of his Art, might by the Ignorant, paſs for Magick, and he by two Teſtimonies be condemn'd by the Inquiſition. [*Two ready.* [*Knocking prepar'd.*

*Guzm.* Five hundred Crowns as Earneſt! I thought I might have bought for half that Sum a Thouſand Filters and as many Charms; and yet thou calleſt it but an Earneſt of a Future Liberality.

*Fran.* Nay, if you think the Price too dear, I can yet break off the Bargain: But then look to your ſelf, for all, which by his Art you might caſt upon your Enemies, they will involve you in; and then in point of Love you will be rendred ſo impotent and ridiculous, that Death will be a Happineſs, compared to that diſmal Life which you muſt be condemn'd to live.

*Guzm.* Well, I'll conſider—— [*One knocks haſtily at the Door,* Fran. *runs out to ſee who 'tis.*

'Tis a mighty Price: Had not I better ſit down with things as they are, than be at ſo Immenſe a Charge? Five hundred Crowns is pleaſanter to me than either Revenge or Love.

*Fran.* Nay, Gentlemen! you ſhall not force into his Houſe, or if you will, through me you muſt make your Paſſage; *Guzman* is a Man of Honour, and at his return I'll engage ſhall receive their Lordſhips Challenges; one after the other I mean. [Fran. *at the Door.*

*Guzv.* Two without ſay——

*Two.* Well Sir, we'll take your Word, and will be with you in the Evening.

Enter Franciſco.

*Guzm.* What's the matter, *Franciſco*? New Inchantments? [Guzm. *ſeems much in diſorder when he heard his own Name and a Challenge.*

*Fran.* No, no, theſe are ſad and real Truths: I told you the Affront you caſt upon the Lady in the Blew would be reſented by ſome of her Friends or Gallants; and theſe that would have come in to you now with a Challenge, were a couple of Gentlemen, who ſay they come from *Oviedo* and *Piracco*; unknown the one unto the other, and meeting here by Accident, found each of them brought a Challenge from his Friend to you.

*Guzm.*

*Guzm.* To me? how could they learn 'twas I that affronted the Sky-Colour?

*Fran.* Can you ask that question, and know that the fam'd *Alcantar* lives in the next Street? I wish whilst you are cheapning the Bargain, that they do not clap it up. If a couple of certain Duels, and perhaps a hundred more to follow (for only Fate knows where so brisk a beginning will meet an End) be not worth Five hundred Crowns to get off with Honour and Victory, let your Parsimony and your Wisdom consider; but I have decreed to abjure your Company, for nothing less than Charms can secure you or any one that keeps it.

*Guzm.* Who, a duce, are those two Fellows, *Oviedo* and *Piracco*?

*Fran.* 'Tis a sign you are not of the fighting Crew of the Town, that ask who they are. Why, they are Men that can hardly Sleep without a Murther: They have spent half their Estates only in the many Pardons their Valour has forc'd them to take out. In one Word, you had better have a Quarrel with all *Salamanca* than with them, and you must fight with them both by Six a Clock, or they'll have kill'd you before Seven.

*Guzm.* But there are Laws to restrain them.

*Fran.* Laws! They no more value Laws than they do their own Souls; one of them sent a Cartel to a Judge upon a Bench, for not saluting him as he past by, by accident. Others fear the Laws, but they make the Laws fear them. But having warn'd you of your Danger, fare you well.

*Guzm.* Nay stay, *Francisco*; though Mony be precious, Honour and Life is more: But how shall I be sure his Charms will hold? for if I should think my self Invulnerable, and thereby be engag'd to fight, and then should be betray'd, what would become of *Guzman*?

*Fran.* Fear not, you shall try the Charms in his Closet, before you prove them in the Field. But while we are thus talking, I know not if there will be time enough left for him to prepare for you such efficacious Spells; and if by Six you are not ready, take what will follow the next Hour. Here's your Ticket to him: Now go fetch your Crowns, that I may with them, smooth your Way to him.

*Guzm.* Well, Honour cannot be too dearly bought by Men of Reputation; when I am Charm'd I'll make those two Hectors pay for my purchase.

*Fran.* But stay, I will not betray you, your Charms shall not work upon her in the Pink; her I reserve for my own self.

*Guzm.* How Slave! must I give vast Sums and fight Duels, to let others share in my Amours?

*Fran.* Nay Sir, if you are at this lock, before you are Charm'd we'll decide the Quarrel: 'Twill be too late for me to do it afterwards. [*Draw.*

*Guzm.* Well, since I'm sure to have such variety, 'twere ingrateful to deny thee one.

*Fran.* This is generous, and now I'll work for you without fear.

*Guzm.* And I'll go boldly and bring down my Five hundred Crowns; Meet me at the Great-Gate. [*Ex.* Guzman.

*Guzman's* ready.

*Enter* Guivarro *and* Alvares.

*Guiv.* How does it take?

*Fran.* Even to our wish: This day at Two a Clock I am to Charm him, and at Five each of you must present your Challenge apart: But I can stay no longer, I am going to receive my first five hundred Crowns, and to put my self in my Astrological Cloaths and Closet.

*Guzm. Francisco, Francisco!* [Guzman *calling within.*

*Fran.* I come, I come; away, away. [*Ex. severally.*

A Table and Two Swords.

*Enter*

*Enter* Oviedo *to* Piracco *in his Chamber.* [*A flat Scene of a Chamber.*

*Ovie. Piracco,* Good Morrow, I hope you have not slept to Night.

*Pir.* Why not slept to Night?

*Ovie.* I think your Heart is low, if after leaving me ingag'd as you did, you could take any rest till your Honour were restor'd; You made a very quick retreat Sir.

*Pir.* Me-thought Yours was not very slow; I watch'd you.

*Ovie.* 'Slight, 'twas time to make a Retreat when you fled from me, and a dozen Bravoes fell on me.

*Pir.* A dozen Bravoes?

*Ovie.* Bravoes did I say? I meant Furies, they laid about them so; especially one that made *Alongès* above thirty Foot; I Parried fifty times, and if ever I dealt like a Cavalier of Honour, 'twas in that Occasion.

*Pir.* Bless me! were you not hurt?

*Ovie.* Some Scratches I had, Marks rather of Honour than of Danger; which with my Sympathetick Powder I have cur'd this Night: But I have sent a File of them into the *Elizian* Shades, and had I not been affraid of drawing more Blood upon my Soul, I would have dispatched the rest: Fear of doing, not receiving hurt, made me retire.

*Pir.* Well, though one of your Antagonists made an *Alongè* of Thirty Foot with his Sword; yet you have made a longer with your Tongue; for there were but two in all, and I have disarm'd them by a Stratagem; look, here are both their Swords: Shew me such Trophies of your Valour, as I have shew'd you of my Policy.

*Ovie.* Two Swords? by my left *Mustachio,* these two Swords belong unto some of those Six that I sent Post to *Charon.* These are but the Gleanings of my Valour's Harvest.

*Pir.* And by my right *Mustachio,* these are all the Swords were in your dozen Furies hands, which by my Contrivance I forc'd from them; talk what you please, this is the naked Truth.

*Ovie.* Nature is yet the strongest, but if thou provokest me farther, the Tie of Blood shall soon be Sacrific'd to the Resentments of my Honour.

*Leon. Pastra.* } No more, I say: But does your Intelligence jump with
*Anton.* } mine?

*Pir.* As to what?

*Ovie.* Why, that the two Beauties we saw last Night, are *Pastrana* and *Antonia,* whom before we slighted.

*Pir.* For certain.

*Ovie.* It has rais'd in me a greater Conflict than that I had last Night with the two half dozen of Bravoes; for should we make Addresses there, the Grave *Solomons,* our Uncles, would so domineer over us, that we had better be Slaves at *Tituan,* than endure their Tyranny; and if I make not my Addresses there, I must decline both what my Honour and my Inclination leads me to, for there I meet with Charming Beauties, and with certainty of fighting Rivals: Two things my very Soul is tickl'd with.

*Pir.* I must confess, she in the Pink Charms me, as much as she in the Blew does you; but leave it to my Policy to manage our Addresses there, without their knowledge, for I also fear their insulting more than you.

*Ovie.* Well, on things of Valour thou shalt rely on me, as I on things of Policy on thee; but lose no Opportunity.

*Each Minutes loss of Time seems twenty days*
*To him, who longs for Mirtle and for Bays.* [*Ex.*

*Enter* Leonara, Pastrana *and* Antonia. [*The Q. of* Hungary's *Chamber.*

*Leon.* 'Tis a strange Fame that runs of this *Alcanzar*: The secretest Thoughts which are conceal'd within the darkest corner of the Heart, they

they say are visible to him as Objects are to Sight; I must confess, I could not but imploy my *Julia* to him to get a private Audience from him, there to ask a thousand Questions; most of them concern you, my dearest Daughters.

*Pastr. Anto.* Me Madam?

*Leon.* Yes, both: For many of our young Gallants sollicit my Consent to make you their Addresses, but I have been longest, and most assiduously courted to admit *Oviedo* and *Piracco*, Men of Noble Births and Fortunes; their Father, when he liv'd, half gain'd my liking; and since his Death *Salazar* and *Fernando* have renewed the Assault: On the other side, *Guzman*, prodigiously Rich, but neither over-stout nor wise, as I am inform'd, has by his Friends this day beg'd my Consent, that he may Court you; and from *Alcanzar*'s Art I'll be resolved.

*Pastr.* This is not your *Guzman*, the Poet, I hope. [*Whispers to her Sister.*

*Anto.* By the Character it should; for he is Rich, and neither Wise, nor Valiant.

*Enter* Julia.

*Julia.* Madam, I have been these four Hours e'er I could get Admittance to the Great *Alcanzar*; The Chamber before his Astrological Cabinet, is throng'd more than a Hive of Bees. But at last I got Admittance to him, and at Four this Evening precisely he will admit you privately, and disintangle himself out of all other Company, for one half hour, to Entertain you: He prest me to know who the great Lady was I came from, but I told him, I would die before I would reveal it; at which he Frown'd, and said, 'Twould cost him a quarter of an Hour's Trouble to imploy his Art, to learn your Name, and all you would ask before you came; but if you fail, Madam, one Moment of an Hour, never expect to imploy his Skill again.

*Maria, Lucia, Sala. Ferd.*

*Leon.* Thank thee, dear *Julia*: Since he is so Punctual, 'tis fit I should retire; for e'er I can prepare those Queries, which he must resolve, put on my Disguise and have gotten thither, the appointed Hour will have stol'n on us: Come Daughters, go along with me, to learn your Fate and mine. [*Ex. Omnes.*

*A little Bell ready.*

*Guzm.* ready.

*The new Black Scene.*

The Scene opens, and *Francisco* appears in a Magical Habit (with his Closet painted about with Mathematical Instruments and Croteſque Figures) with a Laurel on his Head, and a White-Wan in his Hand, Knocks with his Foot, and four Boys appear within the Scene. [*Flashes of Fire ready.* [*Tripos.*

*Fran.* My Spirits appear: You four, when I strike with my Foot, must enter like Hob-goblins, making terrible Noises and Hums; and all offering to Seise upon the Man that I shall set in that Chair, yet touch him not, but in the Way I have directed; and use all other Arts, which formerly you have practis'd in the like Occasion. [*Bell Rings here.*

O, one of you run, and open the Door, and bring the Person in.

*Guzm.* Would *Francisco* were with me: I Smell so much Salt-Peter, Niter, and Brimstone, that I must be neer the Habitation of the Devil; I wish I had given my Five hundred Crowns I had not come: Is there no way back? 'slid all the Doors are shut. Nor can I Pray: I cannot speak an *Ave* in Latin, no more

[*One runs and opens the Door invisibly to* Guzman, *shuts it after him, and then they all four go out.*

than in Arabick: Has not the Rogue, *Franciſco*, ſent me hither to deſtroy me, being his Rival? [*When* Fran. *riſes flaſhes of Fire.*

*Guzm.* Quarter, Quarter, Sir; I beſeech you. [Franciſco *riſes up with his Wan on a ſudden, at which* Guzman *ſtarts back, and falls over, Crying.*

Fran. *Mortal Wight, that hadſt the Heart,*
*To ſee the Negromantick Art;*
*Approach, approach and thou ſhalt view,*
*Things ſo ſtrange, and things ſo new,*
*That thy Soul in Rapture ſhall*
*Only on* Alcanzar *call:*
*Here are Spirits of the Air,*
*Others of the* Stygian-*Lake.*
*Thoſe are Gay and Bright, and Fair;*
*Theſe than Hell it ſelf more black.*

*Guzm.* By *Statius*, a Poetical Conjurer; what would I give to anſwer him in his own Dialect? But Fear now, as Love laſt Night, has levell'd my *Parnaſſus* as flat as a Pancake.

Fran. *Mortal! Why keep'ſt thou aloof?* [Waving his Wan.
*Beat it hither on the Hoof,*
*Elſe though thou wert twice as Rich,*
*Fiends would catch thee by the Breech,*
*And drag thee to Grim* Charon's *Cave,*
*Where my Art no pow'r will have;*
*Thy haſty Motion now begin,*
*I hear the Furies coming in.*

*Guzm.* Great Maſter of the Magick Art, I did not come to ſpeak with thee, but with the fam'd *Alcanzar*, to whom I beg thee now convey me from the Fiends, thou ſayſt, and *I* too plainly hear, are coming in, for I have gotten ſuch a Surfeit of the Stanch, which does ariſe out of the *Stygian*-Lake, ——————As *I* am able to do nothing elſe but quake. Huſh! Thou impertinent Muſe, is this a time, and be hang'd, for thee to be perking up? By *Taſſo*, he'll think *I* Mock him, and then *Belzebub* will ſwallow me quick.

Fran. *I am* Alcanzar, *and ſince thy Fear*
*Hinders thee to fly*
*From* Sphinx's, *that are nigh:*
*I'll take a Care*
*To ſet thee in my Chair.*

*Guzm.* A thouſand Thanks to Great *Alcanzar*; but you muſt drag me thither, Sir; for *I* have yet ſuch a Load of Sulphur in my Mouth, that my Limbs are not able to bear me.

*Fran.* While in this Chair, and in this Circle you are confin'd, nothing can hurt you; but if you ſtir out of it, your Death be upon your own Head. [Fran. *drags him till he puts him in his own Chair, then making a Circle about him, ſays.*

*Guzm.* Pray, Sir, may *I* not ſhake in it without danger?

*Fran.* Yes, but be ſure you let not your Teeth Chatter, for that would be Muſick to the Fiends, who all would come and Dance about you.

*Guzm.* Pray, Sir, a Gag then for fear of the worſt, for *I* have lately had a Quartan, and *I* de be loath the Fiends ſhould Dance to the Tune of my Diſeaſe, eſpecially in my ſight.

*Fran.* Think not the worſe Sir, of your ſelf for this Diſorder you are in; *I* have ſeen Noble Souls tremble at what you now muſt undergo, and yet were ne'r the worſe Men, when my Operation had ended.

*Guzm.*

*Guzm.* I hope ſo———Here's *Franciſco*'s Ticket, and now you know my Buſineſs; *I* doubt not he has paid you the Five hundred Crowns.

*Fran.* Yes Sir, *I* have receiv'd thoſe Trifles, *I* ſhall deſerve five times more e'er yet be long: You deſire to be *Invulnerable*; from what Weapon, Sword or Gun?

*Guzm.* Both, *I* beſeech you, Sir.

*Fran.* Why, he has paid me but for one; *I* received only Five hundred Crowns, and my loweſt Price for one of them is that Sum; nor have *I* prepar'd for any more than one.

*Guzm.* 'Tis very dear; yet pray, Sir, which would you adviſe me to?

*Fran.* Why Sir, this Evening, or elſe my Stars deceive me; (which they ſeldom do) you will receive two Cartels: Now in regard *I* would make your Valour famous, *I* would not have you fight the ordinary way with Swords, but Piſtols (for they ſending the Challenge, you may chuſe the Weapon) This they will dread, and therefore *I* would have you Shot-free. When you will be made *Invulnerable* againſt the Sword, you know the Price, to which you muſt add two Hours Warning.

*Guzm.* *I* like the Advice extremely; pray proceed, *I* will ſo ſmoke the Rogues; *I*'ll teach 'em to ſend Challenges to *Guzman*.

*Fran.* Then ſit firm, and ſtart not at what ever you ſee or hear; but beware of Chattering.

*Guzm.* Good, Sir, give me the Gag.

*Fran.* Away, away; *I* would not have ſo mean a Thing done by a Gentleman.

*Guzman*, to himſelf. } However *I*'ll Muzzel my Natural, for fear of the worſt——— [*Holds his Thumbs under his Chops.*

Fran. *Ye black and diſmal Spirits, which keep* [Waves his Wand.
*Your Manſions, underneath the Deep,*
*Delighting moſt in thoſe Aboads,*
*Which are aſſign'd to Frogs and Toads:*
*Appear, and 'bout this Mortal run,*
*And Charm him from the Shot of Gun;*
*Let neither Piſtol, Musket, Fuſee,*
*Have power to make his Fleſh leſs jucy;*
*But let his Skin be tuff as Wall,*
*And Reſiſt the Leaden Ball*——

*Guzm.* Help, help.

*Fran.* Hold; what's the matter?

*Boys.* The Mortal's Teeth begin to Chatter.

(*Stamps with his Foot, the Boys appear at ſeveral Doors in hideous Dreſſes, making great Noiſes and Hums, dancing about* Guzman, *and offering to lay Hands on him at laſt.*

*Fran.* How? does your Teeth Chatter?

*Guzm.* No Sir, 'tis my Bones ſmite one againſt the other, which makes a Noiſe ſomewhat like it, and that makes their Miſtake; *I* have kept my Teeth as cloſe as a dead Man's, that has been ſet a Week: So cloſe, that *I* fear *I* ſhall never get 'em aſunder again; me thinks *I* begin to find them grow together; however, pray Sir, for fear of the worſt, remove this Diabolical Company, as ſoon as you can: *In* Brief, a Man is but a Man, and *I* find it is, in this Occaſion, a harder thing to Command one's Teeth than one's Tongue.

Fran. *Infernal Spirits, which delight to Lye,* [Fran. *ſtretching out his Wand.*
*Be gone, but firſt your Charm apply.* [*Dance here.*

Boys—*Our Magick Charm being done,* [*They Dance about* Guzm. *one of them clapping him on the Back and Breaſt, they all Cry.*
*Mortal! be free from Shot or Gun.*

(Ex. *Dancing and making Mouths at* Guzman.

*Guzm.* Are they gone?

*Fran.*

*Fran.* Yes.

*Guzm.* The Devil go with them; for I do not think a Gun, though I were not Charm'd, could fright me half so much as these Incubusses did.

*Fran.* O Sir! A Gun is a terrible Weapon.

*Guzm.* Why, I tell you Sir; I had within these twelve Hours a Blunderbuss levell'd at me, loaden with Case-shot; and yet my Teeth did not Chatter.

*Fran.* Why then, they chatter'd now.

*Guzm.* Give the Devils their due, they were in the right; never did the cold Fit of an Ague make make a Man's Grinders move nimbler than the fright of those Succubusses made mine: I was in a devilish Jaw-quake, all the strength of both my Hands, though supported by the Arms of that Chair, could not gag me: But Sir, do not you think me a bold Man, that could thus out-face four Belzebubs in a Lye?

*Fran.* Nay, to do it while your Teeth were Chattering too?

*Guzm.* By *Hercules*, judge what I can do when out of a Fright, that could atchieve so bold a thing, though in one.

*Fran.* Well, now you are Charm'd, fight against whom you will, with Fire-Arms; and at their utmost Peril be it.

*Guzm.* But all this while, how do I know I am Shot-free? Though you are a famous Man, yet I would be loath to take your bare Word for it, when my Life, and what's a thousand times more precious to me, my Reputation in a Duel is at stake.

*Fran.* If you will not believe me, believe your own Eyes; Come Sir, here's a Pistol, Powder and Bullets; I'll instantly Charge and shew you the Experiment. [*Charges the Pistol.*

*Guzm.* On whom will you make this Experiment?

*Fran.* On you.

*Guzm.* On me?

*Fran.* Yes, on you, my Life on it.

*Guzm.* Nay, 'twill be my Life on it then.

*Fran.* Why, you know I shall be hang'd if I Kill you.

*Guzm.* How shall I know that, when I am kill'd? or if I could, 'twould be but a sorry Satisfaction: Besides, for ought I know, by your Charms you may make your self Halter-proof.

*Fran.* Come Sir, do not doubt, I'll soon let you see your Error. [*Offers the Pistol at him.*

*Guzm.* Hold, hold, you say you have given me a Charm to make me Shot-free, pray Sir, cannot you give me another to make me Fear-free? Then I may try without trouble.

*Fran.* Away with such fond Scruples; here, take you the Pistol, and Shoot it at me; I Charm'd my self before you came with the same Spell. [*Gives him the Pistol.*

*Guzm.* This is by much the better way of trying; Have at you, Sir.

*Fran.* I stand you firm as a Bastian.

*Guzm.* But stay! What if your Charm should not be good, and *I* should Kill you; that would be death to me at Second-hand; unless you have a Spell to make me Law-proof too.

*Fran.* My Death be on my self; if you be question'd, say I was my own Murtherer; no Body can contradict you.

*Guzm.* 'Tis worth telling a Lye to be satisfied in this so needful a Doubt: Have at you—— [Guzm. *Shoots, and* Fran. *let's fall a Bullet at his own Feet, which he hastily takes up and shews to* Guz. *who is amaz'd at the Shot.*

*Fran.* Here's the Bullet, and I am well.

*Guzman* viewing the Bullet, Wonders. Great Master of the Magick-Art, I beg thy Pardon for my Doubts; and now I go to fight (I mean with Fire-Arms) with any from Sixteen to Sixty. Let *Oviedo's* and *Piracco's* come by dozens, I scorn them——

For

*For now, who e'er my Fury does provoke,*
*Shall find his Deſtiny in Fire and Smoke.*

[ *Ex. Strutting.*

*Fran.* If he were as well Charm'd as he is Fool'd; he would be Invulnerable indeed. [ *Ex.*

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# ACT III.

## *The Scene is* Alcanzar's *Aſtrological Cabinet.*

[A little Bell read.
[Flaſhes of Fire ready.

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Alcanzar *in his Conjuring-habit, with* Maria *and* Lucia, *dreſt like good Spirits.* [ *Leonora, Anto. Paſtra, Jul.*

*Fran.* JUlia has aſſured me, that *Leonora* and her two Fair Daughters, the Rich Heireſſes, will be here by Four a Clock; they cannot long be abſent; ſhe has inform'd me too of all the Secrets of the Family. *Maria*, you know your Part: After you and *Lucia*, with your Maids, have danc'd, you muſt mount on yonder *Tripos*, and diſtinctly Pronounce the firſt Oracle; and perform all thoſe other things I have already directed.

*Mar.* Well, if ever *Delphian Virgin* e'er declar'd Oracle with more Authentick Gravity than I, (bating the Convulſion of the Eyes, and twiſting of the Neck) ne'er take my Word again.

*Fran.* And you, *Lucia*, muſt ſpeak the ſecond Oracle, I gave you, with the Gravity of a *Sybil.*

*Luci.* If you can give me, Mr. Conjurer, but a Spell to prevent Laughing, doubt not but they ſhall take me at leaſt for *Sybilla Cumea.*

*Fran.* 'Slight, if you Laugh, we are all undone.

*Luci.* I hope, I ſhall have the Retentive Faculty for once, to contain; I muſt pinch my ſelf worſe than the Fairies do the drowſie Maids. [ *Bell Rings here.*

*Fran. Julia* has ſo finely fool'd them; that whatever they hear from from me, will be believ'd as zealouſly as an old dying *Turk* does the *Alcoran.* I hear them; away, away——— [ *Ex. Mar. Lucia.*

*Enter* Leonora, Antonia, Paſtrana *and* Julia. (*all vail'd but* Julia.)

*Jul.* Madam, I'll be your Guide; this is the Aſtrological Cabinet; and I ſee the Great *Alcanzar* in his Chair.

*Fran.* riſing. } Ladies, why do you thus come in Maſquerade? Can you believe that I can tell Future Events, and yet think a little Crape can hide things preſent from my knowledge? Though your ſcrupulous Maid would not tell me who you were, yet by my Art, I know you are the Beautiful *Leonora*, Mother to the fair *Antonia* and *Paſtrana*, who attend you now to learn your Fates, from my all-knowing Skill: Come, Unvail, unvail——— [ *They all Unvail.*

*Leon.* We find, Sir, 'tis in vain to hide our ſelves, for you know who we are, and what we come to learn: But Sir, I beſeech you, be not offended at *Julia*, ſhe did but Obey my Orders.

*Fran.* He, who commands the Spirits of the Air, and thoſe black Fiends which dwell in Flames of Sulphur, muſt not be trifled with; I ne'er receiv'd Affront, but I re-paid it with a quick Revenge.

*Julia*, Kneeling.——O, Sir! Forgive me.

*Leon.* Great *Alcanzar*, I beg you for her.

*Anton. Paſtra.* We both join in the ſame Requeſt.

*Fran.* For your ſakes Ladies, her Penance ſhall be ſhort and ſlight, but ſome ſhe needs muſt undergo; my Spirits would rebel ſhould they ſee a Mortal injure me, and I not reſent it. This Fright will make them ſupple as a Glove. [*Flaſhes of Fire here.* [*Aſide.*

*Thou dull and drowſie Fiend awake,*
*Which dwelleſt neer the Sulph'rous Lake,*
*I charge thee by the Stars and Moon,*
*Aſſume the ſhape of a Baboon*———

[*Fran.* waves his Wand thrice, great flaſhes of Fire, at which *Leon. Anto.* and *Paſtra.* ſhrike and tremble; *Julia* ſeems to do the like.

Enter a *Boy*, dreſt like a *Baboon.*

Boy——*What Commands thou'lt on me lay,*
*Behold I'm ready to Obey.*

Fran.——*There's a Mortal that did fear*
*To tell me what I ask'd of her;*
*Three Circles round about her make,*
*Pinch her till her Fleſh does ake;*
*And when with my Foot I ſtamp,*
*Strait infect her with the Cramp.*

Boy—*I'll teach thee, Mortal, how to Anſwer,*
*When thou art queſtion'd by* Alcanzar.

[The *Boy does what* Fran. *orders, making Mouths and Antick Poſtures; and* Jul. *when the third Circle is made, and the* Boy *pinches her, ſeems all over to tremble, and then to be in great Pains with Cramps.*

*Jul.* O! I dye.

*Leon.* For Heaven's ſake pity her, and us, that ſuffer in her Torments.

Fran. riſing. } *Hold Fiend! doſt thou not ſee my Wan I have?*
*High thee to thy Brimſtone Cave*———
*Cramps and Shakings I Command*
*To vaniſh where I plac'd my Hand,*
*Never more Aſſault the Maid,*
*For ſhe has for her Folly paid.*

[*Boy* vaniſhes, and *Fran.* ſtrokes *Julia* all over.

Riſe boldly, for all thy Pains are gone.

*Julia* jumping up. } They are indeed, and in the twinkling of an Eye; let me adore thee, Maſter of ſo great an Art: Here I ſwear never to deny to tell you what e'er you ask me.

*Fran.* I am glad you have learnt Wiſdom by Experience: 'Tis a Jewel which cannot be too dearly bought.

*Leon.* Sir, we are all oblig'd to you, for having ſhortned your Revenge.

*Fran.* 'Twas for your ſakes I did it: Now, Madam, while your Daughters, and my late Patient, entertain themſelves at the farther end of this my Magick-Cabinet, let me hear your particular Deſires; for though you come in Company, yet I know you have ſomething to enquire, which you would bluſh to tell, though but your Daughters only were the Witneſſes.

*Leon.* Truly, you make me bluſh; I had ſomething to ſay, which though arm'd with a Vail, my Modeſty will not let me tell; You ſee, Sir, I do not deny to anſwer your Queſtions. [*Pulling down her Vail.*

*Fran.* You both deny and anſwer it at once: But come, have you not had Thoughts of a ſecond Husband?

*Leon.* The Heavens forbid.

*Fran.* Madam, take heed, run not into a worſe Fault, than your Woman was ſo lately guilty of; ſhe but refus'd to tell me the Truth, but you tell me an Untruth: I know you are on the right-ſide of Forty, that you are Rich and Fair, and carry ſo much Youth about you, that could you meet with one you liked, you could receive a ſecond Wedding-Ring: Is not all this true? [*Trampling.*

*Leon.*

*Leon.* Alas! Sir, 'tis in vain to deny it.

*Fran.* And you now come to know, whom Heaven designs to supply the place of the Dead; for you are yet not Pre-engag'd.

*Leon.* I see you know my Heart; and I beseech you Sir, let not my Daughters nor *Julia*——

*Fra.* You desire also to know what the Destinies decree for your two Daughters.

*Leon.* O Sir, by any means, for they are Marriageable, and tis good to pluck the Fruit as soon as 'tis Ripe.

*Fran.* Call 'em then.

*Leon.* Daughters.

*Fran.* Ladies, within this Circle stand, and what e'er you see and hear, on your Lives, stir not out of it: Your Woman too must enter into this little Circle, lest some Mischance befall her.

*Leon.* I beseech you, let us learn our Dooms, without seeing fearful Apparitions; the sight of 'em will make us Die.

*Fran.* Be not afraid, you shall see nothing to Terrifie you. What Noise is that? Some real Devils rise to Revenge my making use of Counterfeit ones: Ladies, Vail your selves, and turn your Backs on me; and what e'er happens, look not this way till *I* bid you. [*A Trampling without.*

*Enter* Guzman *hastily.* [*A Purse.*

*Fran.* What the Devil does this Fop here now?

*Guzm.* Great *Alcanzar*, I'm resolv'd to fight with Seconds, and my Friend *Francisco* shall be mine, for whom *I* come in haste, to buy the like Charm for him, which *I* have purchased for my self; there's your Price. [*Flings down a Purse.*

*Fran.* Curse on the Rogue; what a time has he chosen, and what an Errand is he come about! But *I*'ll ferret him way.

*Mortal, which art grown so Rude,* [Maria, Lucia.
*Without Leave, thus to Intrude;* [Julia.
*If one Moment thou delay,*
*To Switch and Spur thy self away,*
*Such Spirits I'll set upon thy Back,*
*As shall pinch thee Blew and Black.*

*Guzm.* What the Devil ayls our *Mephestopholous*? He's damnably out of Humour; *Had 'slid*, I see now what the matter is; he has monopoliz'd four Women to himself: Sure, he must be a devilish Wencher that can entertain so many at one time; I hope, I may buy a Charm from him, to be four Women proof at once. If *I* do, 'twill be a better and a rarer thing, than to be Shot-free.

Fran. *Mortal, since thou dost delay* (Boy ready.
Alcanzar's *Orders to Obey,*
*I will from the lowest Hell,*
*Call up Spirits by a Spell;*
*Which thy Body hence shall throw*
*Swift as Arrow out of Bow.* None here;
*Quickly, quickly, void the Room,*
*Dost thou not hear? They come, they come.*

*Guzm.* By *Heliogabolus*, they are coming; tho *I* am Shot-proof, yet I am not Devil-proof: However, by your Conjurership's leave, I'll make bold to take up my Purse again: No Charm, no Mony. (Fran. *puts his Foot on the Purse.* Maria *and* Lucia *make a great Noise within the Scene.*

Fran.

Fran. *Mortal, to me belongs the Purse;*
*Get thee packing with a Curse:*
*This Oblation I'll receive,*
*For thy Entrance without leave.*
*Thy Pardon for it I will grant,*
*If thou instantly avant.* (More and louder Noise within the Scene

*Guzm.* I see, Conjurers like other Mortals, will not be interrupted in their Love-divertisements, nor restore what they can keep.

I must needs go when the Devil Drives.

Fran. *beckens to the Boy to retire; takes up the Purse.*

*A Boy dress like a Devil appears, Frisking and Dancing; the three Ladies Shreik and* Julia *too. The Boy with a long Scourge, whips* Guzman, *who roaring out, runs away.*

*Fran.* Had not my Sisters Conjur'd too, I had lost the Purse, and been longer troubled with that Owl. Now, Ladies, the requisite preliminaries to the knowing your Fate is over, you may Unvail, and turn your Faces this way again. (*They turn about*

*Leon.* O Sir! if we see that horrid Fiend again, we are all Dead.

*Fran.* 'Twas well you kept within your Circle when he appear'd.

*Anto.* 'Twas impossible I could have done otherwise, for I was not able to stir out of it.

*Pastra.* Well *Antonia*, now I know there is such a thing as a Devil, I will be a better Christian than ever I intended to be.

*Jul.* One glimps of this Fury, has more Humbled me, than all the *Lents* I ever kept.

*Fran.* The worst is past; stand fast within your Circles: And now what Fate decrees the mildest Spirits shall declare.

*Leon.* A good Husband gracious Fate.

(*Francisco* waves his Wan seven times, and says,

Fran. *Ye gentle Spirits of the Air,*
*Which are the Genii of the Fair;*
*And when good Fate is to ensue,*
*At once both know and make it too:*
*By the Power I o're you bear,*
*I charge you instantly appear,*
*And these Mortals Ears and Sight,*
*With Dances and with Songs Delight:*
*Then acquaint those Beauteous three*
Song here.) *What for them their Stars Decree.*
Then Dance.

Maria *and* Lucia, *and their two Maids, at the end of the 6 Verse, appear in glittring Habits, and at the end of the last, they Sing and Dance.* Leon. Anto. Pastra. *and* Julia, *seem ravish'd with Delight. When they have done,* Alcanzar *waves his Wan, and* Maria *Ascends the Tripos, and looking to* Leon. *says,*

Maria. *Do not from Fortune look for good,*
Soft Musick here. *Whilst you keep your Widow-hood:*
*For e're long, (if Stars speak true)*
*Some will attempt to Ravish you;*
*Yet you may when th' ill is near,*
*Be Rescu'd by a Cavaleer;*
*Who if he takes you for his Wife,*
*You'll thenceforth lead a happy Life.*
*But if you slight his first Address,*
*Farewell all your Happiness.* (She Descends.

*Fran.* Madam, you are beholding to the Oracle; it foretells you at once, and with unusual Clearness, of your Danger, of your Deliverance, and of your future Happiness; did you hear it well?

*Leon.* Truly Sir, *I* hear'd it so well, that *I* can say it as perfectly as my *Credo*; and not to Lye to you, *I* believe it as absolutely: Now, if my Daughters have the like good Fortune as plainly Foretold them, how happy shall we be!

*Luci.*

*Fra.* Liſten Madam, for the Veſtal Virgin is Aſcending the Tripos to ſpeak to them. [Fran. *waves his Wan,* Lucia *gets up, then turning her ſelf to* Leon. Anton. *and* Paſtrana *ſays,*

Luci. *Two Gentlemen of good degree,*
*By Fate brought to Diſtreſs,*
*Muſt by your Daughters Married be,*
*To make their Happineſs:*
*But nothing them from Ruin can redeem,*
*If rich Fools, or Cowards Marry them.*

[*Lucia* Deſcends, and the four go out Dancing.

*Fran.* Madam, this Oracle is not Obſcure, for you ſee what they muſt do, and what they muſt avoid.

*Leon.* But yet to ſpeak the Truth, I do not like their being confin'd from Marrying of Rich Fools; for Sir, to de Born to Petticoats, and yet to wear Embroider'd Breeches, is a pleaſant thing: *I* ſpeak Sir, what *I* have Experienced. *Maria, Lucia ready.*

*Fran.* Madam, *I* ſee, you are not ſo well pleaſed with their Oracle, as with your own; but let us a-part, reaſon the Point, and I dare ſay, *I* ſhall convince you.

*Leon.* I would you could, Sir.

*Anton.* *I* think Siſter, the Sign is in *Gemini*, for we are all to be Marry'd.

*Paſtra.* *I* confeſs, *I* am a little troubled, that my Mother ſhould be threatned to be Raviſh'd, and not we, who are Eighteen Years younger, and by this Light, at leaſt Twenty Years Handſomer. Whatever ſome think of Whining, Sighing and Weeping, as Evidences of Mens Paſſions; yet, *I* believe *Tarquin* gave greater proof of his loving *Lucretia*, than ever *Collatin* did.

*Jul.* And perhaps ſhe only Kill'd her ſelf, having found that ſhe had got the leaſt Amorous Perſon for her Husband.

*Leon.* Well Sir, your Reaſons have half Converted me.

*Fran.* And the decree of Fate will act the other half.

*Leon.* Be pleas'd Sir, to accept this ſmall Preſent, as an Earneſt of our greater Acknowledgment. [*Offers him a* Purſe.

*Fran.* 'Tis not my cuſtom to ſell my Art; *I* am happy that *I* ſerv'd you by it [*Guzman.*

*Leon.* *I* muſt not be refus'd; nor ſhall *I* have the confidence to make you a ſecond Addreſs (if there be cauſe) unleſs you will receive this ſlight acknowledgement of my Gratitude for the firſt; 'tis only Sir, 400 Crowns, to buy you Books and Inſtruments: *I'll* leave 'em at your Feet, and beg your Secrecy in all things paſt. Come Daughters.

[Ex. *Lucia, Antonia, Paſtra.* and *Julia.*

*Mar.* *Are they gone? *Maria and Lucia peeping through the Scene.

*Fran.* Yes, but their Mony's here, which *I* make a Preſent to you both.

*Luc.* We deſerve it; for if we had not Conjur'd for you at a dead lift, *Guzman* had ſpoil'd the Farſe. [*Servant.*

*Fran.* 'Tis therefore *I* reward you; but *I* could hardly hold Laughing, to ſee how *I* whipp'd away his Purſe, as your little Devil did his Perſon: However, *I'll* be juſt to him, and for the 500 Crowns he left, *I'll* Charm *Franciſco* his Second, as well as *I* Charm'd the Principal.

*Maria.* *I* underſtand not this.

*Lucia.* Nor *I*, why you made us deliver ſuch Oracles.

*Fran.* Time ſhall make you wiſer ſhortly: What a Clock i'ſt?

*Lucia.* 'Tis paſt Five.

*Fran.* Paſt Five! how the time runs away; farewell, *I* have many Irons in the Fire, and *I* muſt let none of 'em Cool.

*Mar.* Since you work ſo well, 'tis pity to diſturb you; farewell Brother Conjurer.

*Fran.* Farewell, Siſter Sybils. [ *Ex. ſeveral ways.*

*Enter* Guzman. *Solus.* [ *A Flat Scene of a Chamber.*

*Guz.* By *Jeronimo*, *I* have been Courſely us'd; this comes of ſhewing Friendſhip: Well, 'tis the firſt act of it *I* was ever guilty of; and by *Solyman* the Magnificent, it ſhall be the laſt. My only comfort is, that if *I* catch my Negromancer in a good humour, *I* may encline him to give me the Quadruple Spell, in lieu of my Purſe he took; and then Women, have at you by double Couples. ( *A great rapping at the Door.*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, there are two roaring Boys without, that ſay they will ſpeak to you, they talk Dagger out of Sheath.

*Guzm.* And *I'll* talk Piſtol out of Holſter too; Bid 'em advance.

( *Exit Servant.*

*I* wonder *Franciſco* is not yet come: This is the hour he promiſed without fail to be with me. *I* cannot chuſe but Laugh to think how *I* ſhall Gun the *Oviedo*'s and *Piracco*'s. [*Two Letters.*

*Enter* Guivarro *and* Alvares.

*Guzm.* Your Buſineſs Blades?

*Guiv.* This Letter *I* preſent you from *Don Whan de Oviedo.*

*Alva.* And this from *Don Ibarra de* Piracco.

*Guz.* Are you to be their Seconds?

*Guiv.* Do you know the Contents of their Letters, e'er you read them?

*Guzm.* Poor Man, *I* ſee you are *Ignorant*; this is not the hundredth Curtell that *I* have received; and we of the Blade, obſerve one Mode in making up our invitations to the Field: So that the Learn'd need but ſee the out-ſide, to know what the inſide does contain.

*Alv.* You have *Inſtructed* me *I* confeſs Sir.

*Guzm.* *I* ſhall inſtruct your two Principals alſo e'er long; come, *I'll* read what they have preſum'd to write. ( *Opens one Letter.*

LETTER.

*Hum, hum, hum.* The *Lady in Skie-colour, hum, hum, Satisfaction of a Gentleman, with your Sword in your Hand, behind the Nunnery this Evening at Seven,*

*I* Kiſs your Hands, and Reſt,
*Don Whan de Oviedo.*

I take it for granted, this Sealed Letter is of the ſame Tenure, and to both the Premiſes. *I* Anſwer, that *I* have Vow'd to fight but one Duel a day, eſpecially when the firſt is to be begun after Seven in the Evening: *In* brief, for *I* long to be at it, *I'll* give one his Supper, and the other his Break-faſt; and that's fare: But *I* thought by the fold of their Epiſtles, they had underſtood the Punctillio's of Duels; and yet they are ſo *Ignorant* as to ſend the Challenge and appoint the Weapons; that belongs to me: Not but that *I* would have Nam'd Swords, had they had the Knowledge, or good Manners to have left it to my Choice: But now *I* will not ſo much as have a Sword in the Field, only to thwart them; *I* am reſolved to fight with any Fire-Arms, from the Pocket Piſtol to the Cannon

of

of Eight: The time I like well, it being in the Cool of the Day; for I shall make prodigious hot work of it.

*Alva.* With Canons of Eight, Sir?

*Guzm.* Yes, Sir, with Canons of Eight, I say.

*Guiv.* 'Tis a new way of Duelling.

*Guzm.* And therefore, Sir, I choose it: A famous *Monsieur* of *Gallia Celtica*, brought up the Mode of fighting Duels with single Rapier, which ever since has borne his Name, and has been call'd by the *Carteliſts à la Bouteville*: And I who have fought ten times more Duels than he, will introduce fighting with great Guns, which shall hereafter be called Duels *à la Guzman*; on their batter'd Carcasses I'll raise my self a Name.

*Alva.* For all your Rodomontade, our Principals shall fight with you with any Arms, even from a Pin to one of the largest Basiliſquets, that the *Mahometans* pelted *Scodra* with.

*Guzm.* I say, the bigger, the better.

*Guiv.* But pray, Sir, consider your Duel at these Weapons cannot be fought this Evening, nor indeed this six Weeks: All Battering-Cannon are the King's, and we shall scarce borrow a couple out of the Arsenal to fight a Duel with: So that you must get Metal and Founders of your own. [*Sala. Fern. Maria and Luc.*

*Alva.* He tells you right.

*Guzm.* Well, rather than protract my Sport, (for such Duels are to me) I am content, for this time, to fight but with a Case of Pistols, and neither Sword nor Dagger shall be in the Field; when this Evening I have kill'd *Oviedo*, (for it is natural the Eldest Brother to dye first) if to morrow Morning *Piracco* has a mind to the like Fate; I shall look to hear from him again: And then let him expect a Leaden-Pill to purge away his Mortality——————You have your Answers.

*Alva.* My Friend shall meet you at the Hour and Place, and only arm'd with Pistols.

*Guzm.* You may assure your Friend he shall have the Honor to be the next kill'd by my own hand; for by *Tamberlain*, I will neither give or take Quarter.

*Guiv.* Well, Sir, these Bravadoes are fitter to be answer'd in the Field, than in your Chamber, in which we'll leave you to make your Will, and say your Prayers.

*Guzm.* Hang Wills and Testaments; and for Praying, let those look to it that are doom'd to dye; go and get Confessors for your Friends, 'tis the last and the best Office you can do them——— [*Ex. several ways*

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## *The Scene the* Piazzo. [The new flat Scene.

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*Enter* Salazar *and* Fernando, *with Spectacles on their Noses*; *and* Maria *and* Lucia.

*Fran.* Ladies, we come to offer you our Hearts.

*Mar.* And is your Business Love?

*Sala.* 'Tis the Business of the World.

*Luc.* I rather thought by your Wrinkled Faces, your Quadruple Eyes, and your Grizl'd Heads, that you came to read us a Theological Lecture of Abstinence and Repentance.

*Mar.* What Saints should we turn, were our Hearts as much mortifi'd as those *December*-Lovers-Looks.

*Fern.* Since Love's a Fire, it must sooner burn in the dry Woods than in the Green.

*Luc.* Well, Sister; I shall have a terrible ill Opinion of our Beauties, since they could make no better Conquests.

*Salaz.*

*Salaz.* You should value them the more, that can turn Ages-Ashes into a Flame.

*Mar.* Hy-da! Why they have got the Young-Men's Dialect, and talk of Fires and Flames: Pray how many Jubilees are there since you were first in Love?

*Fern.* 'Twas Yesterday; for then I first beheld you: Though we have seen a thousand whom the World calls Beauties, yet till we saw you, we ne'er could learn what that word did mean.

*Luc.* Alas! Good Gentlemen, you begin to learn somewhat late, yet if you live to it, you may make pretty Scholars; for I find you have Inclinations. But pray how did Love enter you?

*Fern.* As a Conqueror, it came not in at the Gate, but threw down the Walls of the Fortress to have the nobler Passage.

*Mar.* Why then, there's hopes he may soon get out again; the breach being so large.

*Lucia* to *Salazar.* Pray, let me Catechise you too: How how does Love deal with you now he is the Victor, and by what signs do you know you are in Love?

*Salaz.* He uses me like a Tyrant; for he would not let me sleep all last Night.

*Luc.* By my Troth, Sir, and that perhaps has made you a little Light-headed to day.

*Mar.* By my Troth, Sister, they begin to incline me to try them for a while, that the World may know what Love can do at Eighty. [*Ovie. Pirac.*

*Luc.* But what is it that you would be at?

*Salaz.* Marriage, Madam, Marriage, our Passions have an honorable End.

*Mar.* And a wise Beginning! but what would you do if you were marry'd?

*Fern.* The best we could to please you; we would settle Joyntures upon you, give you fine Cloaths, rich Coaches, and *&c Cætera.*

*Luc. Et Cætera!* What's that?

*Salaz.* 'Tis a very Ænigmatical Word, and cannot be open'd till the Marriage-knot is ty'd.

*Mar.* Well, if I were sure that your *Et Cætera* were as good as what you have expresst, 'twould operate strangely one me: But would you not grow Melancholy, and Sighing, say, You had not so much need of a Wife, the day after Wedlock, as you thought you had the day before. [Guz. *and* Fran. *ready.*

*Pir.* I have gain'd *Julia*, who has promised us Admittance; but we must not lose one Moment of our time.

*Ovie.* Now thou deservest the name of a Polititian.

*Fern.* 'Slid! 'tis our Nephews, I would not for the World, that they should see us in this Company. [Oviedo *and* Piracco *passing over the Stage, as talking to one another.*

*Salaz.* 'Tis they, Ladies, we beg your Pardons; but to morrow we'll perfect what this day we have so happily begun.

*Fern.* Beautiful *Lucia!* I Kiss your Fair Hands.

*Mar.* What made those two Ghosts vanish so suddenly? [*They go out hastily at one Door, and* Ovie. *and* Pirac. *pass out at the other.*

*Luc.* Why, you put them a Question that they could not in Conscience deny, and yet were ashamed to confess: But I think those two Gentlemen which walked by, did Alarm them.

*Maria.* What Legs the Old Goats made! Well, I dare Propheſie, without the help of a *Tripos*, That I shall live to see them as like those Beasts in their Horns as they are in their Faces and Beards. But yet we need not wish them a worse Condition than that they flung themselves into.

For

*For nothing can a greater Torment prove,*
*Than in Old Age, t' indure the Qualms of Love.* [Exeunt.

## *The Scene a Field with Trees.* [The Foreſt.

*Enter* Guzman *and* Franciſco, *each with a pair of Piſtols.*

*Fran.* THus much of the Honour of the Day is ours already; though we are the Challeng'd, yet we are the firſt in the Field.

*Guzm.* By *Barbaroſſa*; I think the Rogues dare not come, the Noiſe of Fighting with Fire-Arms has terrified them: Let me tell you, *Franciſco*, I my ſelf ſhould be ſomewhat Squeamiſh at a Piſtol, were I not Charm'd, I ſay I my own ſelf would be ſo; then judge what an ordinary Cavaliero muſt be; well, 'tis a moſt delicious thing to ſhoot at one's Enemy, and to be Shot-free one's ſelf; 'tis a kind of Fowling at Men. [*Clapping his Piſtol to his Shoulder like a Fowling-piece.*

*Fran.* And yet you ſcrupled to give Five hundren Crowns to poſſeſs this Noble Privilege.

*Guzm.* Friend mine! I would not for Five thouſand Pound but enjoy it; I find it has given me a new Heart: By *Muleaſſes* of *Morocco*, were I not afraid of the Law, I could every day commit a Maſſacre. But take heed they put no ſlur on me, and ſend Counterfeits to fight their Quarrel, for I never ſaw *Oviedo* and *Piracco*, and therefore know their Faces no more than I know my Catechiſm: *Franciſco*, wilt thou keep a Secret if I truſt thee with it?

*Fran.* Keep it cloſe as a Confeſſor.

*Guzm.* Know then, that *Alcanzar*, (I hope none of his Spirits hear me, if they do I renounce all I ſay) is a moſt Avaritious Negromancer; I carry'd him Five hundred Crowns to Charm thee too, ſince thou wer't to be my Second, and he conjur'd me out of them: were it not that I had ſome Wenching Ends on him, and that he is thy Friend, By *Preſter John* I would Piſtol him, for now that's my Weapon of Execution; I confeſs, I broke in ſomewhat abruptly on him, when he was to Solace himſelf with four Doxies: But why, a Devil, ſhould he therefore take his Wages, and not do my Work?

*Fran.* I am glad you minded me of this, for he ſent for me as ſoon as you were gone, and has Charm'd me juſt as you were; which was the Cauſe I was ſo long abſent from you.

*Guzm.* Oh, has he ſo! This mitigates the Seething of my Blood: By *Roſinante*, had he not done me Right in this, though there had been no more Conjurers in *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Africk*, and *America*, I would have ſhot his Soul to his own Hobgoblins. [*Trampling ready.*

*Fran.* Now we ſhall have Sport, I hear them coming——Prepare, prepare; It muſt be they, I ſee two Cavaliers Galloping this way with Piſtols in their Hands, longer than Carbines. [*Fran. looks through the Scene.*

*Guzm.* Would they were in their Hearts: 'Death my Teeth begin to Chatter again; I ſhall not have Strength enough to ſhoot at him; what a dull Scoundril was I, that I did not till now remember to have bought another Spell, to have confin'd them to their Houſe? [*Meſſenger.*

*Fran.* coming? Fie on them, 'tis not they, but a couple of young Cubs, *to Guzm.* that rid by with Piſtols in their Hands Fooling with one another.

*Guzm.* By *Don Quixot*'s Launce, I feard ſo; yet you ſee I was prepar'd for them; but ſince they are not come, I'll uncock my Heart and Piſtol,

for I had made both ready to give Fire: Come, let's be gone, 'twill be in vain to expect them longer.

*Fran.* Be gone! not for the World, let's ſtay till it be ſo late that we cannot ſee the length of our Piſtols, and then we may retreat with Honour.

*Guzm.* I underſtand not but that I have already done what my Reputation calls me to in the Field; and now I long to do what my Reſentment calls me to in the Town, that is, to Poſt them up for Cowards: Why, I tell thee, I would not have waited ſo long for a Miſtreſs, and yet thou wouldſt have me wait longer for an Enemy, 'tis unconſcionable; By *Albumazar* I'll be gone. [*Trampling without.*

*Fran.* Hold, hold; they are coming now in good earneſt.

*Guzm.* And I, without jeſting, will be going: Hang 'em they dare not come; but if they ſhould, 'tis ſo late I cannot ſee to level my Piſtol, we muſt defer it till to morrow Morning. [Guzm. *walking off.*

*Enter* Meſſenger.

*Meſſ.* Where is *Don Guzman*?

*Guzm.* 'Tis they indeed, I would *Franciſco*, and his Punctilio's of Honour were in the bottom of *Mare Caſpium*; elſe I had been half way to *Salamanca*, at leaſt out of Sight, and then I am ſure I would have be out of call too; I was bewitch'd to take a Second.

*Fran.* What have you to ſay to *Guzman*? there he is.

*Guzm.* The Rogue *Franciſco*, has Cat's Eyes: I can ſcarce ſee the length of my Noſe, and he can ſee Ten Yards off; for I am ſure I have got ſo much nearer the Town than he is.

*Meſſ.* I have a Meſſage to him from *Don Oviedo*.

*Guzm.* Nay, if it be but a Meſſage, by the Queen of *Sheba*, I'll boldly face about and receive it; what Meſſage haſt thou for me, my Friend? I am *Don Guzman*.

*Meſſ.* Sir, 'twas my Fortune, coming even now from the City, to find a Gentleman lying in the High-way with his Leg broken, who deſired me to come to this place, and tell *Don Guzman* his Diaſter: he bid me tell you too, That as ſoon as he was able he would perform to you what by this Misfortune he was now diſabled to do; he had a Gentleman with him, who went to get a Coach to carry him to *Salamanca*. Having now diſcharg'd my Engagement to him: I humbly take my leave of you. [*Ex. Meſſ.*

*Guzm.* By *Otho*, *Galba* and *Vitellius*, I doubt the Raſcal broke his Leg on purpoſe to avoid fighting with me: Let's run, *Franciſco*, and Piſtol him where he lies; was this a time, and be hang'd to him, to crack his Shank-bone in? 'Death, I hate ſuch trifling.

*Fran.* Nay, now you Rave; what would you have him do in ſuch a Misfortune more than he has done?

*Guzm.* Rave! do you call it? Why, I tell you what I would have had him done: I would have had him fought on his ſtump rather than have diſappointed ſuch a Cavaliero as I am; Men fire Piſtols with their Hands, and not with their Legs, and ſince the Fighting-limb was Sound, he ſhould not have ſhunned the Duel, becauſe the Running-limb was hurt: The *Poltroon* ſhews by this, that he truſted more to his Feet than to his Hands. [*Call* Mar. Lucia.

*Fran.* Be patient yet.

*Guzm.* Patient! Why, wouldſt thou not Rage and Fume and Fret, if in the very moment thou were ready to enjoy thy Lands-bri-des, thou ſhouldſt be defeated? By *Mount Caucaſus* this is a Million of times worſe to me; why I tell thee, my Stomach was ſet to fight.

*Fran.* 'Tis but making it wait till to morrow Morning, then you may break your Faſt on *Franco*.

*Guzm.* What! canſt thou think, ſince the elder Brother broke one Leg to avoid fighting with me, that the Younger will not break both his Arms to ſhun th' Encounter? Why, I tell thee, that's the loweſt Price he can buy his Safety at: Cowardiſe runs in a Blood. But though he ſhould challenge me, yet e'er I come into the Field to meet him; I will have a Publick Notary to certifie he is there, Sound of Wind and Limb, e'er I will vouchſafe to take ſuch another Walk to kill any of his Houſe: When one of a Family has play'd me Tricks, I may juſtly be jealous of all the reſt.

*Fran.* Do not be ſo Suſpicious; I dare ſay *Piracco* will meet you here to morrow.

*Guzm.* What! with a broken Limb? But to prevent thoſe groſs Cheats, do you take Care to bring him hither in a Litter; and I'll take a Care to ſend him home in a Coffin.

*Fran.* Leave the firſt part to me; but leſt we ſhould break our own Limbs let us return e'er it be quite dark; for the Dew already falls.

*Guzm.* I am glad it does, for nothing on Earth could quench the heat that I am in: Beſides, I have an Aſſignment at Eight, where I would not fail for all the World; but e'er I ſleep, by *Vulcan* I'll make *Oviedo*'s Honour lamer than his pretended Fall has made his Leg.

*By* Boys *he ſhall be pelted at and hiſt,*
*This is decreed by me the Duelliſt.* [*Ex.*

# ACT IV.

## *The New Flat Scene.*

*Enter* Maria *and* Lucia.

*Mar.* ARe they dreſt as they ſhould be?

*Luc.* So well, that our Antiquaries Spectacles will not diſcover the Fallacy: In one word, our *Methuſalem* Gallants are not liker Coxcombs, than our two Maids are dreſt like us. [*Ovie. Paſtra. Pir. Anto. Jul.*

*Mar.* But I fear their Diſcourſes will be as dull as the Perſons to whom muſt be made.

*Luc.* No, *Tireletta* is a merry Laſs, ſhe often reads Comedies; and when ſhe wants Invention, ſhe will make uſe of Memory, which is an ordinary thing now a days, and in Perſons of greater Quality.

*Mar.* However, we have given them the Plot, and muſt truſt them to word the Play; but be ſure they keep their Masks on; for though the Dotards Eyes are as old as their Years; yet by the help of their Multiplying-glaſſes, they will ſee leſs Ill than they hear.

*Luc.* Now you have given me this Hint, on my Conſcience, I begin to think 'twas thoſe Spectacles made them ſo in love with us: For ſince by them a ſmall Print ſeems a big one; our Beauties muſt ſhew the larger through thoſe Opticks. And as the Beauty is magnifi'd, ſo the Love is; would their Nephews had their bought Eyes to contemplate us with.

*Mar.* Deſires in Young-men, *Lucia*, are the beſt Spectacles they can look through on handſom Women: if we can kindle thoſe in *Oviedo* and *Piracco*, I dare undertake, within one Month after Matrimony, they will be as willing to ſee their Uncles, as thoſe Fops are now to ſee us: But ſince they will be in the Walk ſuddenly, let's employ the little time left us to make our Aunts, that they ſhall be perfect in their Parts.

*Luc.* You adviſe well! Come, let's about our Work. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter* Oviedo *leading* Paſtrana, *and* Piracco, Antonia: Julia *following them.* [*K. of* Hungary's *Chamber.*

[*Call* Julia.

*Ovie.* Madam, I can truly call this Hour, the happieſt I e'er enjoy'd, ſince in it I declare my ſelf your Slave.

*Paſtra.* Happineſs and Slavery, Sir, rarely go hand in hand.

*Ovie.* That ſhews your fair Eyes Power the more, which can unite ſuch Contraries: Yet, Madam, I have cauſe to repine at my Deſtiny, that makes me aim at ſo glorious an End, and has not ſtrew'd my way to it with Rivals; for the Victims made by Valour, are the fitteſt Sacrifices to be offer'd up to Beauty.

*Paſtra.* Take heed, Sir, perhaps you complain without Cauſe, for many ſollicit my Mother for her leave, to make us Addreſſes; though you two are the firſt admitted.

*Ovie.* Since we are the firſt admitted, that will deter all others from treading on our ſteps; next to your Favour, what I am moſt ambitious, is, That any Man would dare to viſit you as my Rival.

*Paſtra.* If you are ſo Jealous Sir, when *I* am not yours, what would you be if *I* were?

*Ovie.* Madam, while a Client's Cauſe is in Suſpence, he is ſuſpicious of every Antagoniſt: But when the Judge has pronounc'd Sentence for him, all theſe Jealouſies Vaniſh.

*Anton. Julia,* See who's that who Knocks ſo hard? Sure he has ſome preſſing Buſineſs. *A loud rapping at the Door.*

[Julia *goes off.*

*Pirac.* Would it might pleaſe the Stars this were any Man that durſt pretend to you.

*Enter* Julia.

*Julia.* Madam, 'tis a Gentleman that looks as if he would eat one up; he has a Tuck and a Poniard, each a Foot longer than thoſe which uſually are worn; and ſays he muſt ſpeak with you, and by your Mother's leave.

*Antonia* to *Piracco.* Since 'tis by Mothers leave, you muſt admit him. Methinks Sir, you appear ſomething Alter'd. Oviedo *and* Piracco *ſeem Diſorder'd.*

*Paſtra.* to *Oviedo.* And you Sir, ſeem to be in ſome Diſorder.

*Oviedo.* My Blood riſes, in hope he is a Rival.

*Piracco.* I'm troubled any Man ſo Late, ſhould come to Viſit you, and by *Leonora's* Permiſſion.

*Enter* Guzman *Strutting.*

*Guz.* Ladies, *I* beg your Pardon that *I* come thus Late; but a Raſcally Duel, and poſting up the Cavaleer that did not meet me in the Field, was the cauſe of it.

*Anto.* A Duel Sir, with whom *I* pray?

*Guzm.* With a huffing Fellow that paſt for a Hector, till *I* handled him, and then he choſe to break his Leg rather than Fight with me, and he was Wiſe in doing ſo.

*Paſtra. I* beſeech you Sir, his Name.

*Guzm.* This Morning his Name was *Don Oviedo*; but having behav'd himſelf ſo ſhort of my Expectation, *I* have therefore thought fit this Evening, to Curtel it, and call him *Don Ove.* [*Women Laugh.*

*Paſtra.* This is a new way of Revenge.

*Guzm.*

*Guzm.* And by *Preſepolis*, the fitter, for as he bob'd me, ſo *I* have bob'd his Name.

*Ovie.* Where does this *Don Oviedo* Live?

*Guzm. Oviedo* ſaid you? 'Death, *I* tell you his Name is *Ove*, and by no other Name *I'll* have him call'd. But are your the Domine of the Pariſh, that you would Catechiſe me thus? If theſe Fair Ladies would know any thing, *I* am ready to anſwer; but for others, thus *I* reply.

[*He Caldezes them.*

*Ovie.* Were it not in our Miſtreſſes Chamber, *I'd* cut this Raſcals Throat.

*Ovie. Goes to* Piracco, *and Whiſpers him.*

*Anto.* Will you for my ſake, tell me where this *Don Ove* Lives?

*Guz.* to *Oviedo.* You Mr. Examinator, come hither quickly and learn Manners. This Beautiful Lady calls my Godſon right, that is to ſay *Don Ove*; for till he recovers his long Name in Combat, he ſhall wear my ſhort one. By the Great Cham of *Tartary* he ſhall. And let me ſee who dares ſay me nay.—— Now Madam, to Anſwer you; I declare, this *Don Ove* is one of the Roaring Boys of *Salamanca*; his younger Brother is call'd *Piracco*, who was to Fight with me to Morrow Morning; but I have certain Intelligence he means to break both his Arms to avoid it: And therefore by way of Prophecy, I have Chriſtned him by the name of *Piracco the Self-Maim'd.*

[*He puts his Arms a Kembo.*

*Anto.* But ſuppoſe *Piracco* ſhould Fight with you to Morrow Morning, what will you call him then?

*Guzm. I'll* call him then what he ſhall be then, *Piracco the Defunct*; ſo bad a Name, that if he has Diſcretion, he will rather chuſe that of the *Self-Maim'd.* But Madam, who are thoſe two Fellows that dare ſtay in this Room, while I come to Court you in it?

*Anto.* One is call'd *Don Ove*, and thee other *Don Piracco, the Self-Maim'd*, or the *Defunct* that ſhall be; I wonder you do not know your own God-ſons.

*Guzm.* 'Death, I wiſh this Chriſtning does not cauſe my Burial.

*Anto.* Methinks Sir, you ſeem Surpriz'd!

*Guzm.* By *Titus Veſpaſian*, you cannot blame me, to ſee one that had broken his Leg but an Hour ago, walk ſo ſoundly on it: Is he not a Conjurer?

*Anto.* If he be, he is the Youngeſt that ever was; why you know he was Chriſtn'd not a quarter of an hour ago.

*Guzm.* Let me conſider how this Miſtery could be brought about.

*Paſt.* to *Oviedo.* You were wiſhing even now, for your way ſtrew'd with Rivals. *I* confeſs, it appears not ſo thick laid as you deſired: But here's no little Earneſt that the Fates will grant your Requeſt in time; methinks you ſhould Cultivate ſo hopeful a beginning.

*Ovie. I* beſeech you Madam, what is the Name of this Brother of yours?

*Paſtra. I* aſſure you Sir, he is neither Brother nor Kinſman, nor hardly Acquaintance of Mine; but his Name is *Don Guzman.*

*Oviedo* to *Piracco.* Courage *Piracco*, do but ſtick to me now, and wee'll Recover all again; for this *Guzman* is at once the greateſt Ranter and the greateſt Coward in Nature.

*Piracco. I* would *I* were as certain of the latter as of the former; but *I* muſt ſtick to thee, 'tis the only way left me.

*Oviedo* to *Paſtrana.* By my Honor Madam, *I* took him for a Brother of yours, and therefore *I* forbore to fall on him; but now you diſown any ſuch Relation, were it not in your Chamber,——

*Paſtra.* Nay, Sir, my Chamber is no Sanctuary for any Gentleman that affronts another in it: *I* give you full Liberty.

*Oviedo* to *Piracco.* Now back me my *Piracco*, and the Field is ours yet. Ho! you that break Mens Legs with your Tongue, and Curtel their Names too; know I am call'd *Don Whan de Oviedo*: *I* will not bate thee a Syl-

lable: Nay, *I* will add five to it to Affront thee, and call myself by way of addition, *Vic-to-rio-so.* And as for my Leg, thy Posteriors shall feel 'tis Sound, by the future Black and Blew, which *I* will Colour them with: *I* shall, *I* shall, and let me see who dares say me nay? *Putting his Arms a kembo, and cocking his Hat.*

*Guzm.* What a Thunderclap is ready to fall on me! Would *I* were Disintangl'd from this Intrigue, only by having my Posteriors clad in that ruful colour'd Livery he mentioned. *Trembling.*

*Piracc.* By this Light he Trembles! nay, then have at him too; Ho! you *Guz.* for *I'll* be a God-father too in my turn, and retrench half thy Name: Know thou Scoundrel of *Salamanca*, that Man shall be no more left in thy Name than 'tis in thy Nature, as this fatal Steel shall instantly demonstrate. [Oviedo *and* Piracco *both Draw.*

*Ovie.* We'll Drill thee as fast as thou art wont to Lye, and that's Expedition enough of all Conscience.

*Guzm.* In a Lady's Chamber, and two at once; nay then 'tis time to take Sanctuary against such base Advantages.

*Ovie.* Talk'st thou of Advantages, thou Son of any Father but thy Mothers Husband; art thou not double Weapon'd; hast thou not as much Steel about thee, as we both? Guzman *runs behind* Antonia; *they both thrust at him, and he leaps first on the one side then on the other.*

*Pir.* Hold! lest our blind Furies may injure our Fair Mistress; let's not use our Swords; do thou maul him with thy Foot, as *I* will with both my Fists, to shew him my Arms are not broken, nor thy Leg; the Affront will be the greater. [Leon *ready within.*

*Ovie.* Content; and as thou gav'st him a short Name, so *I* will give him a long one, and call him *Don Guz, the Kicked and the Cuffed.*

*Guzm.* If my Wits assist me not, I'm Lost; help, help, *Pastrana's* fallen into a Swoon. Oviedo *and* Piracco *turn about, in the mean time,* Guzman *flies away*; Ovied. *and* Piracco *run after him.*

*Pastra.* Was there ever such a Triumvirate of Cowards?

*Anton.* Had they been dress in Red, an ordinary Purky-Cock would have beaten them all three. *I* would not for all *Salamanca* his Person had shook my Heart, as much as his Fear did my Body. The Oracle begins to work; *I* am for those Gallants *I* know not, for the Servants we know, have turn'd my Stomach; the smell of a Coward, is worse than the Snuff of a Tallow-Candle.

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## *The Scene is* Francisco's *House.*

[The Chamber with the Chimney in't.

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*Enter* Guivaro, Alvares, *and* Francisco *in his Night Gown.*

*Guiv.* 'TWs a pleasant Duel indeed.

*Fran.* Had you but seen the Qualms he was in when *I* told him they were coming; and his Exultations, when my Messenger brought word of the broken Leg, you would have said none but a Conjurer could haverefrain'd bursting with Laughter.

*Alva.* The belief that he is Shot-free, and that *Oviedo* broke his Leg to shun the Duel, *I* dare foretell (without the help of your Magick) will cost *Guzman* some Bastenado's at least. But to our Business. I wonder *Julia* is not yet come; she promis'd at this Hour, to assist at this our General Council.

*Fran.*

*Fran.* To Morrow early, she and her Lady are to walk in the Nunnery-Grove; you know your Parts in that Play; and I warrant you, *Julia* and *I* will act ours to the Life: When *I* am in possession of the Widow, that anti my Oracle to the two Daughters, shall soon enable me to make your Fortunes too. But, are you not unconscionable Brothers, to give me, who labour for you all, the worst Wife of the three?

*Guiv.* Prithee no more, a Widow is by destiny, the Portion of the youngest Brother.

*Alv.* She is monstrous Rich, and not Forty; consider how many younger Sons of good Families would leap to Marry Wealth; tho the Mistress of it were Sixty: Thy Stars have been kinder to thee by Twenty Years, than they use to be to those of thy Order: But methinks the unexpected Doings of our two Sage Senators on *Maria* and *Lucia*, might be improv'd to the common Benefit.

*Guiv.* Leave that to my Management; I have laid so probable a Plot in that Affair, that if it Succeed not, I will not only call Fortune a Whore, but a Blind one too.

*Enter* Julia *Laughing.*

*Julia.* Hold my Sides, or *I* shall Split.

*Fran.* Why, what's the matter?

*Julia.* Nay, I have not time to tell you now, for *Guzman* is Hobling hither as fast as a Man can, that had within this quarter of an hour, a Steel Tent in each Hanch, at least six Inches long.

*Fran.* Methinks thou shouldst pity the poor Man; for ought you know, he may be your Husband.

*Julia.* My Husband! what Marry a Coward? By this Light, if you do not Conjure for me better, I'll abjure your Art.

*Fran.* Better! why what can be better than to have a Husband of 5000 Pistols Rent, and to be able to beat him out of Four of it annually when thou wilt?

*Julia.* I beg your Pardon Brother Negromancer; *I* confess *I* did not think on that; *I* will leave all my Fortune to your Art.

*Fran.* It shall not fail *I* warrant thee. [*One Knocks.*

*Julia.* 'Slid 'tis he; let us retire and hear his own Relation to *Francisco*; 'twill be worth the while, or never Credit me.

[*One knocks very loud: They all retire but* Fran. *who goes to the Door.*

*Enter* Guzman.

*Fran.* Who's that Knocks so Rudely?

*Guzm.* One that has been rudelier Knock'd himself; yet *I* am Heart-whole still, tho by *Heraclites*, *Francisco*, never poor Mortal met with so doleful an Adventure; my Curse on the Damn'd *Alcanzar* (if he hears me not) that advis'd me to be Shot-free, when he should have made me Tuck-free; *I* have receiv'd a couple of Toledo Glisters here.

*Fran.* Who did Administer them?

*Guzm.* By *Esculapius*, *Galen*, and *Hypocrates*, two of the most Pagan Apothecaries in all *Salamanca*: By *Van Helmont*, *I* thought since my Skin was Bullet-Proof, *a fortiori* (as the Learned Phrase it) 'twould have been Tuck-proof.

*Fran.* Where are you hurt?

*Guzm.* In each of my Natural Cushions.

*Fran.* Nay then my Wonder ceases, if at least you were Charm'd sitting in a Chair, as I was; for no part was Invulnerable but where the Spirits clapp'd, and while you were sitting, they could not clap you there.

*Guzm.*

*Guzm.* Fie on 'em, why did they not tell me so? My Posteriors they know were at their Services: But I see there is no honesty in the Devil.

*Fran.* Why, who would think, that a Man who was Charm'd for a Duel, would ever turn his Breech upon his Enemies? But who is he thus Larded you?

*Guzm.* Why by *Janus*'s two Faces I'll tell thee, there were too He's, and those assisted with six *Lacais*'s of *Fretum Magelanicum*; for by *Goliah*, they were of the Gygantick Brood that did it: Couldst thou think that I would turn my Rump to any he that Breaths? But that which is most Stupendious is, that one of these Eight was *Oviedo*, and with both his Legs as Sound as the great Bell of *Roan*: Dost thou not think *Alcanzar* plays double with us?

*Fran.* In the name of Wonder, how came you into *Oviedo*'s Company since I left you?

*Guzm.* The Rage of being disappointed of my Duel, so heated my Blood, that I could not hold from visiting *Antonia* and *Pastrana*; for thou knowest when our Veins are warm'd, we love to fool a little with our Mistresses, with whom I found *Oviedo* and *Piracco*, whose Faces I no more knew than I do *Judas Iscariot*'s.

*Fran.* You were well enough serv'd, to visit my Mistress, and by stealth.

*Guzm.* By *Procris*, that's pretty; why, though she were thy Wife, I hope I might visit her: But to the Point, the Ladies found Anger written in my Looks in Text-hand, and having prest me often to know the Cause, I at last told them it, when suddenly behind my back, *Oviedo* and *Piracco* both drew on me, and had not *Antonia*'s Kindness and Shrieks given me notice of their Treachery, I had been spitted; but instantly fetching a Pyrowet on my Heel, and whipping out my Rapier and my Ponyard, I did, with them, break both their Thrusts at once.

*Fran.* 'Twas brave and quick.

*Guzm.* Then I prest the neareſt with my Dagger, and the fartheſt with my Tuck, so furiously, that I made the Ladies run Squeaking out of the Chamber, and my two Antagonists retire toward the Door, through which I forced both of them with a double Stockada. (An Art I learn'd of a fam'd *Morisco* Fencer, and which, in Crowds, has often stood me in good stead) But then, By *Hannibal* of *Carthage*, I fell into the *Golian* Ambush I told thee of.

*Fran.* Bless me! how came you out of it?

*Guzm.* As I came out of many the like Dangers formerly, by my meer Valour, *Francisco*; there I laid about me like light'ning, Cut, Thrust, Slash'd, Hack'd, Hew'd, Kick'd, Bit, Struck, and all at once; and by my Point and Edge, push'd and hew'd my Passage, as the one Ey'd *African* did his way through the *Alps*; but all my Agility, Skill and Courage, could not defend my Crupper, which two *Neopolitans* of *Bergamo* made a couple of Breaches in, and so the Battel ended: But by *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* only Revenge shall be the Word, till I have acted it to the Hilts: I am Plotting of it.

*Fran.* It seems, then 'twas *Antonia*'s Kindness and Shrieks, which saved you first, was it not?

*Guzm.* By *Juno*, thou art jealous.

*Fran.* I scorn so low a Passion; no, from this Moment I resign her to thee; the Honour thou hast atchiev'd in that brave Fight thou madest before her, makes thee best deserve her; besides, I find she likes thee most: and one may as soon stop the flowing of the Sea, as a Woman's Inclination.

*Guzm.* Art thou in Earnest, my *Francisco*?

*Fran.* In as much Earnest as an *Anchorite* prays when he is giving up the Ghost.

*Guzm.* What! quit thy Mistress, and not do it in a Hirrican?

*Fran.*

*Fran.* I muſt confeſs I ſhould not do it ſo calmly, were it not for two Reaſons. The firſt is, *I* prepared my ſelf ſometime ſince for this Misfortune, foreſeeing your Merit would carry her, or *I* muſt loſe your Friendſhip. The Second is———But this upon your Life you muſt keep Secret—— [*Alva. Guiv. Jul.*

*Guzm.* By theſe Hilts *I* will. [*Kiſſes his Hilts.*

*Fran.* A Kinſ-woman of mine, this Evening, brought me to a young Miracle for Beauty, and a *Peru* for Wealth, who being by her Father left to the Guardianſhip of her Uncle; he, Faithleſs Man, would have married her to his Son, one more crooked than old Age; and as Ill-natured as a Storm; ſhe, to avoid this, fled to my Cozen, who has undertook to get her for me: This living Martyr, is as fair as *Innocence*, bright as Light unclouded, ſweet as Incence, virtuous as *Penelope*, Sings like *Philomela*: In one word, ſhe her ſelf is not a greater Wonder, than it would be to ſee her and not adore her: *Alcanzar* is my Friend, and my Cozen has perſuaded her to conſult his Art alone to morrow about Two in the Afternoon, and *I* have ſome Grounds to hope my Stars will be my Friends; nay, *I*'ll truſt you with her Name too, 'tis *Julia*.

*Guzm.* } Now am I ſuch an Errant Rogue, as on his bear Deſcription of
aſide. } his Miſtreſs to be more in love with her, than my own; methinks ſhe is too good a Bit for ſuch a Mouth as *Franciſco*'s: I may Conjure for my ſelf as well as he hopes *Alcanzar* will for him.

*Fran.* Methinks you are troubled at my good Fortune.

*Guzm.* No, I rejoice monſtrouſly at it, and am as ſenſible of your Reſignation: But by *Saturn* all Thoughts that now come into my Heart, except thoſe of Revenge, are but Uſurpers; thoſe only ought to reign: Therefore, dear *Franciſco*, get me acceſs to *Alcanzar* to morrow before your Miſtreſs comes, (for by *Boreas* I dare not viſit his Aſtrological Cabinet without leave) that I may be made Tuck-proof: And then I'll invade my Rivals with Fire and Sword: In the mean time I'll make uſe of a Manmender; I doubt the Traytors aſſaulted me with poyſon'd Weapons, for by *Ixion* I am on the rack with Pain, but in a greater Torment till I be more than quit with them: Remember Revenge is the Word, and remember too, you get me leave to wait on our Aſtrologer.

*Fran.* I dare aſſure you of it———— [*Ex.* Guzman.

*Enter* Alvares, Guivarro *and* Julia.

*Jul.* The Devil a word of all that he has told you, is true; but the whole Hiſtory of this *Kiſtril* you ſhall have in *Folio* at better leiſure.

*Guiv.* 'Death, if this be ſo our Plot is quite defeated.

*Jul.* Why?

*Alva.* I'll tell you; We knew our two Lords would be beaten by one reſolute Pigmy, and we hop'd that *Guzman* thinking himſelf Charm'd, would have frighted them away from *Paſtrana* and *Antonia*, whom they Courted contrary to their own Reſolutions and our Belief, and had they been driven from thence by a Rival that had affronted them; that had hugely prepar'd our way, to have inclin'd them to make Addreſſes to *Maria* and *Lucia*: 'Twas ſtrangely ill done of you, *Franciſco*, to leave him.

*Fran.* Hang him, 'twas he left me: and when he did, he ſwore Top-Gallant High: 'Twas to poſt up *Oviedo*; which had he done, our main Plot could not have fail'd: we muſt quickly caſt about, or our Cake will be Dough.

*Guiv.* I have a Plot juſt now come into my head, that may recover all again.

*Fran.* What is it?

*Guiv.* Cannot you by your Black Art, tell it? Soft, Sir, 'tis yet but newly on the Anvil, and I will poliſh it ere I expoſe it to your view: But this

I'll say; if you trust it to *Alvares* and me, hang us both if it does not succeed.

*Alva.* Pray Hang him single, if it do not; I'll not bet so deep at a Game I know not.

*Fran.* What ever it is, you must be sure that it be so pat with my Oracle, as if your Design had been fitted to it.

*Alva.* Else all were spoil'd, *I* know.

*Jul.* Well, *I* see 'tis a good thing to have Two Conjurers in one Family; but 'tis almost break of day, so *I* hasten to attend *Leonora* to the Nunnery Grove.

*Guiv.* Yet we must not sleep till we have our Plot past being disappointed.

*The Wise more active grow by being Croſt,*
*Since Art has oft reſtor'd what Fortune loſt.* [Exeunt.

## *The New Flat Scene.*

*Enter* Salazar *and Fernando.*

*Salaz.* We are bound in Honour and Justice to acquaint *Leonora*, that our Nephews will not Court her Daughters.

*Fern.* We are, they may reject many good Husbands, depending upon those who slight them; and since at our requests all others were forbid, 'tis but fit we should tell her the naked Truth, that she may otherwise provide for them; but having thus determined this affair, Now to our greatest Business——*I* fear they will fail to meet us at the place assign'd.

*Salaz.* True Love is still accompanied with Fear: But yet when *I* consider, that though at first they jeer'd us egregiously, yet at last, when we often vowed to marry them, they grew more pliant: And in the close appointed us, to meet them at a private House, Vowing they would bring a Priest with them; nay, accepted the Diamond-Rings we gave them. *I* cannot doubt their good Intentions, and our blest Success.

*Fern.* But why would they not unmask, though we so earnestly desired it? *I* apprehend they will not grant us the great Request, when they denied us such a Trifle?

*Salaz.* That denial pleas'd me most, for 'twas a Proof they meant to grant us, what they would blush at when they did it, that they so covered their Faces. Besides, I have enquired of their Deportments and Quality of some of their Neighbors, and find their Carriage is most strict and virtuous, and that they are Daughters to a Gentleman of a good Family, who dy'd a Beggar: So that to marry Men of our Estates and Degree, is a Happiness they could scarcely hope; but we are Rich enough, and they are prodigiously Handsom, and their Gay-humor pleases me as much as their Beauties.

*Fern.* You have satisfied my Scruples, as *Lucia*, I hope, will my Passion all this Night.

*Salaz.* One hour of it will do that Work, ne'er fear it.

*Fern.* Hugh! Thou dost not know how fierce a Creature an old Batchelor is.

*Salaz.* Let me hear you say so, and truly too, to morrow Morning: But then I bar Cantarrides.

*Fern.* Dost thou not intend to use them that thus suspectest me? The Daughter that was searched for, and found by the Mother in an Oven; from thence concluded she had first been heated there her self: But we had best fit all things for the Reception of our Mistresses, as becomes Men of Action.

*Salaz.* Come, let's about it then—— [*Exeunt.*

*The*

*The Scene a Grove of Trees.* [ The Foreſt.

*Enter* Guivarro *and* Alvares, *Dreſt like Ruffians, and* Franciſco *like a Cavaleer of Quality, in rich Cloaths.*

*Guiv.* BUt what if your deſign'd Wife ſhould deceive us, and be willing to be Raviſh'd?

*Alv.* For Opportunity has often made a Thief; and many a Diſcreet Woman that would ſcruple to be forc'd by one, would delight to be it by two: How few are there that double Wages will not invite to Work?

*Fran.* By this Light, at your Perils, ſhould it prove ſo; for if you two get my Miſtreſs, 'tis but equal that *I* Single ſhould get both yours.

*Giv.* The Widow then would have much the better end of the Staff. [ Fran. *looks into the Scene.*

*Fran.* I ſee them, and they are at hand: Let's away to our ſeveral Stations. [ Ex. *ſeveral ways.*

*Enter* Leonora *and* Julia.

*Leon.* I confeſs to thee my *Julia*, ſince *I* receiv'd the Oracle, it has ſo employ'd my thoughts, that *I* have never Slept for thinking on it.

*Julia.* *I* wonder Madam, if you credit what it ſaid, you dare venture in ſo Unfrequented a Place, without ſome Men to defend you, leſt the Raviſhers ſhould attempt your Perſon.

*Leon.* If the Oracle ſpeaks truth, *I* am as certain of my Deliverance, as of my Danger: Beſides, this is my uſual Place to walk in, and this Grove is Sacred too.

*Enter* Guivarro *and* Alvares.

*Julia.* So are Womens Chaſtities; but ſuch as will commit one Sacrilege, will not ſcruple to commit another.—— Bleſs me! *I* begin to Tremble.

*Leon.* At what?

*Julia.* Do you not ſee a couple of Ruffian-like Men walk towards us? *I* have a thouſand times fancy'd *Tarquin* in my Dreams; and thoſe Fellows look ſo like him, Madam, let's Fly.

*Leon.* By no means, that will make them follow us; rather let's go Undauntedly to meet them.

*Guiv.* Good Morrow Ladies.

*Alva.* What Melancholy thoughts have brought you into theſe Shades?

*Leon.* We come to enjoy the coolneſs of the Morning.

*Guiv.* That's a ſign you are hot, and therefore the fitter for us, and we for you. [Guiv. *catches* Leon. *and* Alv. Julia.

*Leon.* Villains! what do you mean?

*Julia.* Thou Luſtful Goat, unhand me.

*Alv.* Do not we know that ye are She Merchant-Adventurers, by your Trading where the He ones Cruſe?

*Leon.* Ruffians! do you mean to Raviſh us?

*Guiv.* 'Slid, they are ſo 'fraid we ſhould forget it, that they mind us of it: A pretty ſymptom that they will not Kill themſelves after we have done it.

*Leon.* No, I'll Kill my ſelf to prevent it.

*Julia.* Madam, *I'll* follow ſuch a brave Example.

*Alv.* Come, we'll make you happier than you would be. *Julia breaks from* Alvares; *he follows her.*

At

At once so Nimble, and so Dull; 'tis *Miraculous!* *Leon having Struggl'd in vain to do the like, Kneels.*

*Leon.* Sir, take Pity on me; spare my Honor, and here solemnly *I* Vow, *I* will not only conceal your attempt, but where you will appoint, *I* will this day send you 2000 Crowns.

*Guiv.* Nay, if you will give me so much not to serve you, you will give me more to do it, or rather after *I* have done it.

[*Enter* Alvares *as out of Breath.*

*Alva.* 'Death, *I* think a Cunny fell to my lot instead of a Wench; she ran so fast at hand, *I* have lost sight of her: Hey day! what is the Storm turn'd to a Siege? Come, *I'll* first help you, and then her; since *I* have lost my Break-fast, *I* will take share of yours; there's enough for us both.

*Leon.* Alas! is there then no Pity left?

*Guiv.* We'll take more Pity of you, than you would of your self; let's carry her into that dark Thicket.

*Leon.* Help, help, help!

[*Enter* Francisco *and* Julia.

*Julia.* These Sir, are my Lady's Cry's: You never can employ your Valour in a juster Cause; Look Sir, I see them Dragging her away.

*Fran.* Villains! unhand the Lady, or you Die. [Fran. *Draws.*

*Guiv.* Fool, go you about your Business, and leave us to ours, or you shall repent it.

*Fran.* My business is to rescue Innocency.

*Leon.* Propitious Heavens, Guard my Deliverer! O Divine *Alcanzar*!

*Fran.* I have let out some of your Lustful Blood; but I find, I must take all away to Cure you fully.

*Guiv.* 'Death, he's Invulnerable, let's Fly, for 'tis in vain to Fight.

[*Run away.*

*Fran.* How Cowardly is Guilt!

*Leon.* Sir, I owe you more than *I* have power to Satisfie; but if all *I* have can shew my Gratitude, *I* shall esteem my self as happy in that Payment, as in being free'd from the Danger your Generosity has pluck'd me out of. [*Then wiping his Sword, and putting it up, he goes with great respect to* Leonora, *who rises to meet him.*

*Fran.* To serve a Person of your Quality and Beauty too, is at once my Duty and Reward.

*Julia.* Madam, in my Flight, by accident *I* met this Gallant Cavaleer, who as soon as *I* had acquainted who you were, and with your Danger, he flew with the Wings of Honor to your Rescue. Now *I* [*Whispers* Leon. my self, begin to believe the Oracle. [Fran *Sighs.*

*Leon.* *I* hope the Villains have not hurt you Sir.

*Fran.* No Madam, 'tis not they have hurt me.

*Leon.* Why do you Sigh then Sir?

*Fran.* Ah Madam, can you ask that question of him who looks on such fair Eyes as yours?

*Leon.* I see Sir, you would convince me, that you are a Courtier, as well as a Soldier.

*Fran.* Madam, you need but look in your Glass to convince you of the truth of my Professions; *I* am not us'd to Counterfeit a Flame; for by your self *I* Swear you are the first to whom I ever offer'd up my Heart.

*Julia* whispers to *Leon.* Remember Madam, the words of the Oracle,

*But if you slight his first Address,*
*Farewell to all your Happiness.*

*Leon.*

*Leon* to *Julia*. Ah my *Julia*! *I* remember them, but methinks 'tis ill to accept him at first word.

*Jul.* But worse to lose your Happiness for ever; be not asham'd of what the Stars Decree. [ Leonora *Sighs.*

*Fran.* But Madam, may *I* obtain your Pardon, if *I* ask why you did Sigh? Are you griev'd *I* make you an Address? If you be, I'll Kill my self to expiate my Offence: But if you will admit of it, by all that's most Sacred amongst Vertuous *Men*, the study of my Life shall be to please you; and that moment that *I* entertain a contrary thought, may it be my last.

*Jul. M*adam, tell him the whole truth, and that will save your Blushes.

*Leon.* Sir, if you will walk with me to my House, *I*'ll convince you, that *I* do not slight your Love, and shew why *I* have so suddenly accepted it; then you will perhaps excuse the seeming *I*mmodesty of such a hasty Bargain.

*Fran.* Let me seal my Blessing on that fair Hand: [ *Kneels and Kisses it.*

*My Joys are like the Luster of your Eyes,*
*For neither of them now can higher rise.*

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## *The Scene a Garden.*

[ The Garden in *Tryphon* as a Back Scene.

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*Enter* Pastrana *and* Antonia.

*Anton.* MY Mother and *Julia* went out betimes this Morning; sure 'twas to perform some Devotions.

*Pastra.* I should think so too, had it not been so early; for most People rise later when only their Zeals do actuate them: For my part, I believe the Oracle, that told you of a seeming Rape, and of a real Husband, gives her no rest.

*Anton.* I wonder we have no news of our Husbands, for *I* am resolv'd *Oviedo* and *Piracco* are not design'd for us; and besides them, and Poet *Guzman*, we have yet no Suiters.

*Enter* Oviedo *and* Piracco.

*Oviedo* to *Pastra.* Madam, I watch all Opportunities to enjoy the Blessing to wait on you.

*Piracco* to *Antonia.* *I* heard your Mother, Madam, was gone Abroad, and lest we should a Second time be interrupted by her, I am come this Morning to renew my Vows.

*Ovie.* The truth is we had been earlier here, but that both of us waited till now, to know which of us *Guzman* would send a Challenge to; but he peaceful *Don* as he is, has only a mind to Cure the Wounds we gave him.

*Pastra.* Be not mistaken, I know him well, and therefore bid you be confident as soon as he is Cur'd, he'll play the Devil with you both; *I* hear he means to figth with Pistols; for he has heard how Excellent you are at Single-Rapier.

*Ovie.* *I* am famous alike at both, for *I* have fought as many Duels with the latter, as with the former.

*Pastra.* to *Anton.* On my Conscience *I* believe him.

*Piracco.* So he durſt fight with me, *I* deſire only a Battoon againſt his Caſe of Piſtols.

*Ovie.* Would we had each of us a generous Rival in this Garden, what Sport we'd make you!

*Pir.* Ah! eſpecially if it be with a Rival, and a Miſtreſs looking on.

*Paſtra.* How I hate ſuch Vapouring Puppies.

*Anto.* Who are theſe?

*Enter* Guivarro *and* Alvares, *diſguiz'd and in rich Cloaths.*

*Paſtra.* Some, *I* hope to afford them the pleaſant Paſtime they ſay they are ſo fond of: If *I* can Loo theſe Strangers on them, on my Maiden-head, I'll do't.

*Ovie.* Put up *Piracco* quickly, *I* don't like theſe Fellows Looks; they are Bravoes.

[Oviedo *Sheaths haſtily.*

*Pir.* My beating Heart ſeems to tell me, their coming boads us no good.

*Guiv.* How now Gentlemen? Drawing on theſe fair Ladies.

*Alv.* Your Weapons ſhould be to Serve, and not to Fright 'em.

*Ovie.* By my troth Sir, we are only a little Airing our Swords this fine Sun-ſhine Morning.

*Paſtr.* And by my troth Gentlemen, they were wiſhing for two Rivals, that on them they might ſhew us their Valour: I proteſt I'll allow you to be ſo, rather than they ſhould loſe their Longing.

*Guiv.* Madam, they are like to have their Wiſhes, for the truth is, we heard, that theſe two Airers of their Swords, did wiſh for ſome to Court you with them.

*Alv.* Nay, we were told that they repin'd againſt their Fate, that they met with no reſiſtance in their Loves; as if their Stars had not Smil'd enough upon them, in preferring them to be your Adorers.

*Ovie. Piracco*, theſe are no *Guzmans*!

*Pir.* The beſt is, the Garden Door is open, remember that.

Oviedo *whiſpers* Piracco.

*Paſtra.* This was the ſubſtance of their Diſcourſe *I* confeſs, but otherwiſe Phras'd; for to uſe their own words, they wiſh'd, That their way to us were ſtrew'd with Rivals.

*Anton.* to *Paſtrana.* Fie Siſter, you'll ſet theſe four a Fighting.

*Paſtra.* No, but *I* will ſet two of 'em a running; and methinks *I* ſee them heaving at it already.

*Ovie.* Gentlemen, we'll take a fitter time and Place for our Revenge; but Madam, as for you who delight to make Quarrels——

*Paſtr.* What, Reproach me for driving on your Wiſhes for you?

*Guiv.* A fitter time and Place! Why would you wiſh a fitter by Day-light, in a ſmooth Garden, and a Miſtreſs preſent, before whom, a Coward would forget his Fear?

*Paſtr.* to *Pir.* Ah, how pleaſant a Duel is! eſpecially when a Miſtreſs does look on; I'll be bound *Antonia* ſhall do you that favour.

[*Enter* Guzman *haſtily, looking back.*

*Guzm.* In the Garden, ſaid you, and alone?

*Paſtr.* Stay, ſtay, *Don Guzman*, here are ſome of your Brother Poets to entertain you.

Guzman *ſeeing* Oviedo *and* Piracco, *fetches a Pirowet on his Toes, and is running out again.*

*Guzm.* By *Mercury*, Madam, *I* beg your Pardon, *I* miſtook my way.

*Anto.* *I* know you were ſtudying Revenge, that made you miſtake.

*Guzm.* Yes by Grim *Saturn* was *I*, and they ſhall have it home, but 'tis not ripe yet.

*Anton.* Stay but a while, and you ſhall ſee it acted to your Hand.

*Guzm.* By *Athelanta*, you mean to Trepan me; Why what can one do againſt four?

*Anto.*

*Anto.* On my honeſt Word, I do not; two of them are for you, and have ſo frighted *Don Ove* and *Piracco* the ſelf-maim'd, that if 'twere not in a Garden, your Noſe might be my Witneſs.

*Guzm.* Nay then, by my Grandam's Ghoſt I'll add my Auxiliary Arms to theirs, and yet therein I give them fairer play than they gave me, for two to one is greater odds than three to two—Fagh—What an unſavory Smell aſſaults my Noſe? [*Strutting and putting his Arms a Kembo, walks by* Oviedo.

*Guiv.* Come, Gentlemen, draw; and let's ſhew theſe fair Ladies ſport, perhaps they long for it as much as you.

*Ovie.* What if I will not fight for any Bodies pleaſure?

*Alva.* What if we make you Air your Swords in Earneſt?

*Guzm.* Who's that will not fight for any Bodies pleaſure? Let my Toledo know him.

*Guiv.* What are you, Sir? we do not need your help.

*Guzm.* But by your good leaves I need yours, for they two fell both on me at once laſt Night, and Coward-like, aſſaulted me in the Rear; but my Van they durſt not look on.

*Pir.* Gentlemen, this is Love; Three to Two?

*Guzm.* By *Terra Auſtralis Incognita*, not ſo low as you broached me laſt Night, you can Preach Honour: Now 'tis to ſave your own Skin, but forgot to practiſe it, when 'twas to pink mine.

*Pir.* Well! I'll make a fair Propoſal, my Brother and I will draw Lots which of us ſhall fight ſingle with *Don Guz.* (for I have ſworn never to call him Man) then when by his Death our Numbers are equal, if the Victor's Wounds do not diſable him, we'll inſtantly fight with both of you ——How doſt thou like this Plot, my *Oviedo?* [*Whips* Oviedo.

*Ovie.* Rarely well contrived; I like my generous Brother's offer.

*Guzm.* 'Death! what damnable Stratagem is this againſt me?

*Guiv.* How ſay you, Sir?

*Guzm.* By *Hecuba* that's fine: I have been *Conjunctim* affronted by both, and *diviſim* I muſt be reveng'd but on one.

*Alva.* The truth of it is, 'twas an unreaſonable Motion, for why ſhould we two ſtand idle whilſt another leſs concern'd is employed?

*Guiv.* We were the firſt entred the Liſt, our Numbers too are equal; and we hope the Entreaties of theſe two Fair Ladies, will a while Muzzel this fierce Cavalier.

*Paſtra.* Sir, We beſeech you, ſuſpend your Revenge.

*Anto.* We beg you do it for our ſakes.

*Guzm.* How! my Honour will be out of Countenance to be a tame Spectator, while others fight in my Quarrel. But your Commands, Ladies, ſhall Charm me for a while.

*Pir.* But how if he ſhould break his Charm while we are in our Duel?

*Guzm.* On the Reputation of a Cavalier of Honour, I ſcorn it; my Word being paſt, I'm ſtronger bound than were I ſo by Magick; provided, if either of my Foes ſurvive, I may exchange a Paſſado with him.

*Alva.* Gentlemen, there's no Excuſe now left; Come, let's begin.

*Ovie.* Now, my *Piracco*, for another Stratagem. [*Alva and Guiv. draw.*

*Pir.* Nay, do you find one out; 'tis your turn, I'm ſure.

*Guiv.* What do you Pauſe at?

*Ovie.* I do not like that *Guzman*'s Frown, he looks as if he would Aſſault us in our Rears.

*Guzm.* Daſtards! do my Looks fright you? By *Mars* then Judge, what my Toledo would. ——

*Guiv.* 'Faith, Gentlemen, you had beſt confeſs the Truth; and plainly ſay you have no Maw to fight.

*Alva.* If you have not, this way alone is left to ſave your Declare before your Miſtreſſes, that you reſign them up to us.

*Guzm.*

*Guzm.* Pray, Madam, get a Clauſe in this Contract, to ſave my Right to you. [*To* Antonia.

*Ovie.* Reſign our Miſtreſſes! we'll ſooner much reſign our Lives.

*Guiv.* Then all thoughts of Peace are vaniſh'd.

*Alva.* Since you will not lead, we'll make you drive.

*Ovie.* We muſt yield, at preſent, to your Numbers.

[Ovie. *and* Pir. *go off haſtily.*

*Guzm.* 'Death, ye Hares, and Aſpin-Leaves, do you think thus to defraud me of the Reverſion of my Duel?—[*He draws his Sword and runs after them.*

*Enter* Leon. Franciſco *leading her, and* Julia *following.*

*Leon.* What Noiſe was this, my Daughters?

*Paſtra.* Madam, you call it right, for 'twas nothing elſe.

*Anto.* Theſe two brave Strangers have ſo humbled the Ranting *Oviedo* and his Brother, that they are fled before the ſingle *Guzman.*

*Guiv.* Madam, they were unworthy our perſuit, eſpecially when to have followed them we muſt ſo long have loſt the Honour of Waiting upon you.

*Enter* Guzman *out of Breath, and wiping his Tuck.*

*Guzm.* By the Emperor of *Trapezond*, an Arrow out of a *Parthian* Bow, was but a Snail compared to them; yet I broach'd the Fugitives at the wrong End, and 'twas but *Lex Talionis*, both of them had a Fierk at each of my Haunches, and I have had a Fierk at each of theirs. Ha! are theſe two Knights of the Sun here Still? 'Slid, and a Third joined with them: Nay then, Ladies, your Servant——Theſe paultry two legged Race-Horſes have ſo long detained me from My more Important Affairs——— [Ex. Guzman.

Franciſco, (*having a while gazed on* Guivarro *and* Alvares) *runs and Embraces them.*

*Fran.* My generous Friends, how happy am I to hold you in my Arms again? there wanted this alone to perfect all my Joys.

*Guiv.* Brave *Franciſco*! what favourable Planet reigns, that we are now united after a Twelve-Months Separation?

*Alva.* Ah, dear Friend, we heard you were Caſt away as you return'd from the Wars of *Flanders*; and wept for you more than a Hermite for his Sins.

*Fran.* I have mourned for you no leſs; for I was aſſured you both were kill'd at the Siege of the *Buſſe.*

*Leon.* Pray, my beſt Friend, who are theſe two Gentlemen?

*Fran.* Two the braveſt Youths that e'er were born in *Spain*; but brought to great Diſtreſs by the ill Fate of their Father, which made them follow the Wars, where they have got Immortal Fame. Their good Meens you ſee; I aſſure you, Madam, their Valours, Civilities, Friendſhips and Good-natures, are more than equal to it.

*Paſtra.* Now Oracle, or never.

*Anto.* If theſe be thoſe deſigned us, I'll believe *Alcanzar* is a good Angel, not a Conjurer; theſe are Men indeed.

*Guiv.* Are you acquainted with theſe Ladies?

*Fran.* No, my worthy Friend, but I am with their Mother, and doubt not ſoon to be the like with them.

*Leon.* aſide to *Paſt.* & *Anto* Daughters, *Julia* ſhall tell you all has befell me on this happy Day, while I entertain theſe Gentlemen.

*Jul.* One of which is your Father-in-law.

*Paſtra.* Our Father in Law?

*Jul.*

*Jul.* Yes, and deserves to be; *Alcanzar* is a most admirable Man—— I'll tell you all. [*Talk together.*

*Leon.* to *Guiv.* } *Don Francisco*, Gentlemen, he has given me such a high
and *Alva.* } Character of you, that you may Command my House as freely as my self.

*Alva.* He is still too Partial to his Friends.

*Guiv.* He told you, Madam, what he Wishes we were; not what we are.

*Fran.* } Oh, Madam, had these two Gentlemen Estates answerable to their
to *Leon.* } Merits, how happy would your two Daughters be to have such Husbands: For they are now the Objects of my Care as much as yours.

*Leon.* Let me, Sir, acquaint you with their Oracle apart.

*Pastra.* to *Jul.* You amaze me, 'twas a generous Act.

*Anton.* to *Jul.* And such a one as does deserve her, though the Oracle had not foretold it.

*Guiv.* to *Pastra.* Madam, I do not wish for a Rival, especially such a one as he I met with. But should your Beauty raise me a thousand; I would with all of them dispute the Glory who should serve you most.

*Pastra.* The only Reason that induces me to believe it, is because you say it. [Guiv. *Courts* Pastra. *privately.*

*Alva.* I wonder, Madam, that *Piracco*, who had the Courage to be your Servant, could want it to fight for you; would you admit me to that Noble Title, he that took it from me should take my Life with it.

*Fran.* to *Anto.* Madam, if you dare take my Word, I know not any Gentleman, who would be less unworthy of it.

*Anto.* Sir, I dare take your Word for any thing; but since I am at my Mother's disposal, I must not admit of any Address but by her Consent.

*Fran.* If I procure it, may my Friend then hope for that Happiness?

*Anto.* I have always been obedient to her.

*Alva.* And I by this Fair-hand will ever be to you. [*Kneels and kisses it.*

*Leon.* This Night I beg you three to be my Guests; till then I ask your Pardons.

*Fran.* At Five this Evening I'll bring the Holy Man to Ratifie our mutual Vows. [*Whispers to* Leon.

*Leon.* I shall then be ready in my own Chappel to perform my Promise; and I hope by them to give you Assurances, that your Concernments for your Friends have been trusted to a Successful Advocate: But 'tis high time I were pleading of their Causes.

*Fran.* Therefore we'll all retire. [*Ex.* Guiv. Fran. *and* Alva. *Saluting the Ladies.*

*Leon.* What think you now, Daughters, of *Alcanzar's* Oracles?

*Pastra.* Ours forbid us rich Fools and Cowards; so that *Oviedo*, *Piracco* and *Guzman*, are quite blotted out of our Kalendar.

*Leon.* But if the two generous Strangers be meant by the Oracle, sure you must have some Inclinations for them at first sight; I am by Nature your Confessor: Come, tell me.

Nay, I'll ask no more, your Blushes have answered me: Well, leave your Fortunes to my Management. [Pastra. *and* Anto. *Cover their Faces with their Fans.*

*Pastra.* We cannot better trust them.

*Anto.* I always did what you command me now.

*Leon.* What a Miracle this *Alcanzar* is?

*Jul.* Dear, Madam, I beg your leave this day to go to him; I confess, at first, I fear'd he had been an Impostor, as almost every Conjurer is, but since he has so admirably told every one of you your Fates, it has raised in me a kind of Longing (tho I protest I am not with Child) to learn from him mine; though, I doubt, I was born under some niggardly Planet.

*Leon.* Well! *Julia*, till Five this Afternoon, I make you Mistress of your self.——'Tis time for us to walk in. *Pastrana*, you'll order my Steward to prepare a Feast.

*Pastra.* Madam, I will.

*Leon.* And you, *Antonia*, must send to have the Musick.

*Anto.* I will not fail.

*Jul.* to *Pastra.* If I should get a Husband too, 'twould make you laugh.

*Pastra.* to *Jul.* Perhaps 'twould be more than he would have Cause to do. [*Exeunt.*

*Since Marriage is a Lottery for Life,*
*H' had better draw a Blank than such a Wife.*

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## *The Scene the Piazzo.*

[The New Flat Scene

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*Enter* Oviedo *and* Piracco.

*Pir.* THey'll never see us more.

*Ovie.* Hang them, if they would, I would never see them again; set Bravoes on us! Yet nothing vexes me so much, but that under the Countenance of two Men of War, that Cock-boat *Guz.* should offer to board us; had I not thought it had been the two Frigates which gave us chace, I would have tack'd about, and boar'd him through the Beak, as last Night I did through the Poop.

*Pir.* I could not chuse but laugh, mauger our Disaster, to see what a Caracole he made when you fac'd about, (which made him do the like) and saw he was not seconded: For then Ill news never flew so fast as he. But we may with ease digest the loss of these Mistresses, having seen those fresher Beauties, which our Faithful *Guivarro* and *Alvares* brought us acquainted with.

*Ovie.* Yes, my *Piracco*, those are Miracles of Beauty, and their Humors too are full as Captivating; besides, they are of Noble Birth and Poor, all the Ingredients to compose fit Wives for us.

*Pir.* Nay, more! They have promised us to assist in our Revenges on our Uncles.

*Ovie.* To that their own Resentments oblige them: For 'tis an Affront to Beauty to have Age Court it. But this is the Hour and Place our Confidents promised to bring them out to walk; and that their Sister, *Tireletta*, should instruct us how to be prosperous——Oh, here they come.

*Enter* Maria, Lucia, Tireletta *and* Tirelesa; *with* Guivarro *and* Alvares.

*Mar.* Are all things ready?

*Tireles.* Yes, Madam, and the Priest too: You ne'er saw so Snug a young Theologian in your life, I wish they prove not jealous of him.

*Tir.* He has the Matrimonial-Spell by Heart, and is as ready at it as I am for a good Husband.

*Mar.* You both must then march off: The hour of your assign'd Rendezvouz draws nigh; observe punctually all we have ordered you.

*Tir.* We'll but run in, and take our Ghostly Father with us——. [*Ex.* Tirelet. *and* Tirelesa.

*Alva.* They are yours, my Sister Vows, if you pursue your Point immediately, else all is lost, for the two Rich Husbands I told you of will be offered 'em within this hour. [Alv. *whispers* Ovie. *and* Pirac.

*Ovie.* Happiest of all News: Madam, here are now before you two, who from your Lips expect their Lives or Deaths.

*Pir.* Two that take delight to live, but in hopes to be yours.

*Guiv.*

*Guiv.* What can your Ladiſhips more expect in Husbands than you ſhall meet with in theſe two Lords?

*Alva.* I know my Siſter has oft told your Ladiſhips their Merits, brave Deſcent, and mighty Wealth; and now they ſwear their Loves to you in Looks and Accents above Art to imitate: What then can make the ſtop?

*Mar.* But what if they ſhould Love elſewhere? There are ſuch Perſons as *Paſtrana* and *Antonia* in the World.

*Ovie.* Will inſtant Marriage ſatisfie you that thoſe Tales are groundleſs?

*Pir.* Madam, Sure you ſhould believe a Demonſtration more than idle Talk.

*Guiv.* Now, Madam, if you refuſe, it muſt be from Averſion only.

*Mar.* That I dare abjure, both for my Siſter and my ſelf——But ſuch haſty Marriages——

*Luc.* Yes, yes; 'tis that which now ſticks moſt with me.

*Ovie.* What pretty Nicities does Modeſty conſiſt of? Delay, where Love is real, is the greateſt Curſe in it.

*Pir.* 'Tis for State-marriages to be long in Treaty, where Solemnities are by the People look'd on as Eſſentials; but the Progreſs which true Love does make, is quick and active as his Flames.

*Mar.* Siſter! what ſhall we ſay to this?

*Luc.* I think, Silence is our beſt Anſwer.

*Ovie.* And the happieſt we can wiſh for, that's Conſent, which thus low we humbly thank you for.

*Pir.* Now let us Wait on you to your Lodgings, and there put our ſelves paſt the power of *Miſery*.

*Ovie.* to *Guiv.* Send for a Prieſt immediately.

*Guiv.* I will, and when y'are Wed, go both with your fair Ladies, and Triumph over *Paſtrana* and *Antonia*.

*Pir.* We will; thank you for minding us of it.

*Alva.* We'll attend you there, to prevent what their Anger at it may dictate to them—— [*Exeunt.*

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*The Scene the Aſtrological Cabinet.* [The new black Scene.

[*Rapping ready.*

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Franciſco *in it, in his Conjuring habit, and* Julia *richly dreſt.*

*Fran.* SO, I am glad you have brought the Prieſt; where have you quartered him?

*Jul.* E'en where he deſired to be, in your Library of Ribadavia Bottles.

*Fran.* Take heed he does not turn over ſo many of thoſe Volumes, as may make his Head giddy when we need him.

*Jul.* No, no, he's a very regular Student, he never dozes himſelf with that ſort of Reading, until it be Bed-time: But what if *Guzman* ſhould not come?

*Fran.* No Hawk that's ſharp ſet will be more coming than he, having flung out ſuch a Lure to him as I have done.——[*Rapping at the Door.* Away, that's he, I warrant you; ſend the Boy to open the Door, then let him act his part behind it; as I directed.—If I Conjure well, [*Julia retires.* This laſt time, I ſhall need no longer to follow the Trade. [*Door is open'd.*

*Enter* Guzman *haſtily.*

*Guzm.* Great *Alcanzar*, you little think that I am ſtudying *Magick*: But by the Celeſtial Globe I am; and I can give you pregnant Proofs of it.

*Fran.*

*Fran.* Strong Proofs, I believe, you look so like a Conjurer.

*Guzm.* Come, come; no dissembling with one of your own Fraternity —Are not you to have a very fair and rich young Gentlewoman this day come hither to consult your Art; The first Letter of whose Name is *Julia?*

*Fran.* You amaze me.

*Guzm.* No, no, alas! I do not look like a Conjurer——but to amaze you worse; are not you to give a favourable Oracle to her, in *Francisco*'s behalf? Ha! what think you now? Do not I deserve to be your youngest Brother, at least, in the Black-Art? These Truths make you Speechless.

*Fran.* No; But since *Francisco* has betray'd himself, and bely'd me; I'll use him as he deserves, and prove my self an honest Man: Yes, the Lady you speak of is now here, but so Fair and Rich, that did my Profession allow of Wedlock, I my self would marry her; 'tis true, he got her to come hither, and would have brib'd me to have feign'd an Oracle to his Advantage: But what my Justice made me Scorn to do for him, my Revenge provokes me to do for you.

*Guzm.* By the *Antartick-Pole*, you are the best of Conjurers; that you now so worthily offer me, is, what I came about; though I made that Coxcomb, *Francisco*, get me your leave to wait on you, under a Pretence of being made Tuck-proof, as well as Shot-proof; which latter, (by the way) had I chose at first, these poor Haunches of mine had not been so miserably carbinado'd as they are.

*Fran.* But we must lose no time, for *Francisco* will be instantly running hither to learn the Event of his Hopes: Yet e'er I go about acting yours, you shall faithfully promise before a Priest, That you will settle on her a Thousand Pistols a Year Jointure, in return of Which, I'll engage after you are Wed, to get her Friend's Approbation for you.

*Guzm.* By *Hymen*'s Saffron-Coat, I will; but where shall I get a Priest to depose me?

*Fran.* I have one, nearer than you imagine; for to conceal nothing from you, *Francisco* has sent one hither, that if he meets with Success, he may clap up a Marriage. You must think so much Beauty and Wealth can't be long hid, nor he be without Throngs of Rivals.

*Guzm.* By the Great *Mufty*, has the Rogue, *Francisco*, got a little *Sacerdos* cut and dry'd for his turn? This must be some Hireling Joiner of Hands; and therefore will serve me for larger pay, which by *Midas* I'll give him, and so Plow with his own Ox: But dear *Alcanzar* give me a Spell to preserve my Sides, when I shall see how like an Ass he'll look to find that of his two Mistresses, I have got one by Resignation, and the other by Art: yet in meer pity I'll return him the first, and leave him the Reversion of his own Chaplain, that by his help, he may make sure of my Leavings. *Rapping ready.*

*Fran.* This Jest will make him be laugh'd out of his Country.

*Guzm.* By *Cabo bona Speranza*, I hope so; else I would be loath to play him such a Slur; for he's a desperate Rogue.

*Fran.* But, Sir, take heed he does not Surprise us ere we have put things beyond his Recovery: Therefore do you walk there within sight, in the melancholy'st Postures you can fancy, while I call in the bright She that must make your Happiness; for whom I will invent an Oracle, for she is a Stranger, and will take what I shall speak, to be as Authentick, as if it had been pronounced from the *Tripos* by the Inspir'd Virgin. Then when I call you, make your Approaches and your Compliments to her, and leave me to perfect the rest.

*Guzm.* By *Venus*'s blind Son, this shall be worth thee a Thousand Crowns; well, thus I put my self into my Saturnine March——————

[Guzman *walks in Ridiculous Mourning Postures. Then* Francisco *waves his Wan.*

*Beauteous Maid, which com'st to hear*
*What thy Stars decree, appear.*

*Enter*

*Enter* Julia. [Guzman *Glouts at her, Sighs, and folds his Arms and ſays,*

*Guzm.* Ah, ſhe makes my Teeth Water as faſt as the *Theſpian* Spring: By *Gallileus*, were *I* not afraid of *Alcanzar*, *I* would make a Circle about her with theſe Arms. [*A loud rapping at the Door.*

*Fran.* 'Tis *Franciſco* ſure.

*Guzm.* Good *Alcanzar*, hide me in a Cloud till this Storm is over. [*Runs to* Alcanzar.

*Fran.* What out of your ſad Poſture already?

*Guzm.* *I* know not what poſture *I* am out of, but *I* am ſure my Heart is in a ſad one; you may feel how the poor thing Labours.

*Fran.* 'Slid, if your Miſtreſs ſee you ſuch a Coward, a true Oracle will not perſwade her to take you; go and Court her, while *I* endeavour to perſwade, or fright away *Franciſco:* Why do you not go?

*Guzm.* *I* do not find *I* am in a Courting Humour now; but were *Franciſco* gone———

*Fran.* Go *I* ſay, the influence of her Eyes will thaw the Ice about thy Heart.

*Guzm.* Think you ſo? By the *Torrid Zone*, *I*'ll try then. [*He approaches* Julia, Franciſco *goes towards the Door.*

*Guzm.* Fair Lady, *I* believe you are come hither to conſult the Oracle: *I* am come on the ſame Errand too; but *I* find you can pronounce a happier one for me than the Fam'd *Alcanzar* can; for would you accept me for your Servant, By Mount *Atlas* 'twere paſt the power of Fate to ſhake me; my Negromancer told me true, my Qualm is vaniſh'd.

*Fran.* Who are you that you ſo loudly Knock? [*Rapping.*

*Boy.* *I* am *Franciſco*, Great *Alcanzar*, let me in.

*Guzm.* 'Tis he, and *I* am Ruin'd. [*Trembles.*

*Julia.* What ayls you Sir, you Tremble?

*Guzm.* Only the Relicks of an Ague *Madam*, that gives me now and then ſuch Shiverings: *I* have ſometimes twenty of them in thirty *Minutes.*

*Fran.* *I*'m Buſie now, but an Hour hence *I* will admit you; let that ſuffice.

*Boy.* Falſe Negromancer, thou thinkſt *I* do not know thee; Treachecherous *Guzman* is now Courting my Fair *Julia*: Let me in, or *I*'ll force my way, and quench my Anger in his Frozen Blood.

*Guzm.* Ah, what a mortal Fit aſſaults me now!

*Julia.* Help, help, help, he Dies!

*Fran.* Then with this Magick Wan *I* Charm thee hence. I wiſh he be not Dead indeed: Rub his Temples well, and bow his Body: So he begins to Breath: How do ye Noble Sir? Fran. *runs to* Guzm.

*Guzm.* Is he gone?

*Fran.* Yes yes, I ſent him packing with my Magick Wan.

*Guzm.* But are you ſure of it, and that the Door is well Bolted; *I* mean tripple Barr'd?

*Fran.* All is ſafe as Art can make it. [Guzman *skips up, runs and puts himſelf into the ſame Melancholy he was in before.*

*Guzm.* Proceed Oraculous *Alcanzar*, taking all that has paſt, for a Parentheſis.

*Fran.* Was there ever ſuch a *Proteus*? How oft he changes Shapes, and in a trice?

*Julia.* Sir, a Lady whom I Reverence as my Mother, has ſent me to you to learn my Fate; and I'm engag'd by vow, to follow what e'er you ſhall direct me.

*Guzm.* This was that Rogue *Franciſco*'s Plot for himſelf, but I'll catch her with his own Nooſe.

Fran. *Seeſt thou there that Mortal Wight,*
*With looks more Sable than the Night;*
*Thoſe Hands with which his Breaſt he ſtrikes;*
*Thoſe Legs which he does Trail like Pikes;*
*Thoſe Cheeks which ſo puff'd up appear,*
*As if a* German *Sigh were ſtifling there;*
*That long lean Viſage void of Red,*
*Which ſhews ſo like a dead Horſe-head?*
*All theſe and more than thou doſt ſee*
*The' Effects are of his Love for thee.*
*Thy Stars do therefore with one Voice,*
*Appoint thee to make him thy Choice:*
*Which if this Hour thou doſt not do,*
*Death after will on both enſue.*

[*Fran.* ſtretching forth his Wan.

Madam, nothing can be more clear than this Oracle.

*Julia.* And nothing ſhall be more punctual than my Obedience to it.

*Guzm.* Ah! my pretty Miſtreſs given me by the Planets! how *I* long—

(*Runs to* Julia.

*Fran.* Soft Sir! you ſhall not touch her till the promis'd Jointure be Sworn to before the Prieſt and me; and till by Sacred Wedlock he has join'd your Hands: Nor in troth till I have my Bond for my thouſand Crowns.

*Guzm.* Well ſince *I* am reſtrain'd a while from doing, I'll ſerk it with thinking; but if the Domne ſhould Stutter and thereby lengthen the words which muſt unite us, by *Caput Allgol*, I'll cut out his Neats Tongue for it.

*Fran.* Come, let's haſten to him, and fear not; for you will find he has a moſt compendious way of clapping up Matrimony.

[*Ex.* Guzman, *leading* Julia, *and all the way kiſſing her Hand.*

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# ACT V.

## *The New Flat Scene.*

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*Enter* Salazar, *leading* Tireletta, *and* Fernando, *leading* Tireleſa; *both Vailed, and a Prieſt following them.*

*Salazar to Tere.* NOw you believe me a Man of my Word; you ſhall ſtill find me no Trifler.

*Fern. to Tirel.* I hope the reality of my Intentions, are now Confirm'd to you by the Holy Prieſt.

*Prieſt.* Reverend Sirs——

*Salazar.* What, call Bride-grooms Reverend?

*Fern.* Keep Reverend for thoſe of your own Coat.

*Prieſt.* Forgive me, *I* pray, *I* meant not to Offend; 'twas an Appellation *I* thought ſuitable to Men of your ripe Years: But all that *I* had to ſay, was to renew my humble Thanks for the Pardons you gave me, that *I* ſtaid till it was an hour in the Night, tho 'twas for two Licenſes to Marry you, which *I* could not get; as alſo to remember you, that as it was by your Command that *I* Married you without Licenſe, ſo *I* hope you will keep your words in ſtanding betwixt me and the Thunder of the Church.

*Sal.* Have we not ſaid we would?

*Fern.* Your Ordinary is a Reverend Friend of ours; and when we aſſure him 'twas not done in Contempt, nor Schiſmatically, we know his goodneſs will forgive it.

*Prieſt.*

*Prieſt.* I am ſenſible 'twas a moſt irregular Action, and therefore muſt ſhelter my ſelf under your Wings till I have my Abſolution.

*Sal.* I am conſidering which is the ſhorteſt cut to our Houſes.

*Fern.* 'Tis by that Range of the *Piazza* that *Leonora*'s Houſe ſtands in, and at leaſt a quarter of a Mile the neareſt way, which this Night 'tis good Husbandry to ſave.

*Salaz.* Since you are ſure of it, pray be our Guide.

*Fern.* Follow me then. [*Ex.*

*Enter* Oviedo, *leading* Maria, *and* Piracco *Lucia.*

*Maria.* Pray Sir Excuſe us from that Viſit.

*Ovie.* Not for all *Salamanca.* What have you ſo ſoon forgot your Vow in the Chappel, of Serving and Obeying?

*Lucia.* But on the Wedding-day the Husbands ſhould wait.

*Pir.* So we will on you to *Leonora*'s; we would not loſe our Triumphs over *Paſtrana* and *Antonia* for half our Fortunes; that Affront too, will cure all the Relicks of your Jealouſies, if any ſhould be left.

*Ovie.* When they ſee what lovely Wives we have got, 'twill make 'em ſo pine away with Envy, that they will loſe all their Servants.

*Mar.* Therefore I would not go, I hate to be Malicious.

*Ovie.* But you ſhould love to Embrace your Husbands Concernments as your own; and we owe them an ill Turn for intending to hire Bravo's to Affront us.

*Pir.* And this is the loweſt we can pay them for it.

*Lucia.* Siſter, Let's Struggle then no more, but by our Obedience even on the Wedding-day, teach Wives new Modes to pleaſe their Husbands.

*Mar.* But alas, how many will Curſe us for Infringing ſuch old Prerogatives? yet ſince you'll go, I'll follow your Example.

*Ovie.* Now you Conquer us with Kindneſs.

*Pir.* While you are putting on your Veils, I'll order your Coaches to be made ready.

*Mar.* I hope by that time we return, our two new Aunts will have plaid the Comedy we taught 'em.

*Ovie.* How I long to be certain of it! [*Exeunt*

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## *Queen of* Hungary's *Chamber.*

[A Periwig for *Franciſco.*
[A Paper like a Bond.

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*Enter* Franciſco, *Leading* Leonora, Guivarro Paſtran. *and* Alvar. Antonia.

*Leon.* I Proteſt, my deareſt Friend, I'm as much ſatisfied that I have pleas'd you in Marrying my Daughters to your two Noble Friends, as that I have diſpos'd of them as the Oracle Directed.

*Fran.* Madam, as you give me new cauſes of Gratitude, would you would give me too new means to evidence the greatneſs of mine: But, Madam, now that the Holy Prieſt has ty'd the Sacred Tripple Knot, which the hand of Death alone can looſe, I muſt Conceal nothing from you nor my fair Daughters in Law.

*Paſtra.* What does our new Father-in-Law mean?

*Anto.* I cannot imagin.

*Guiv.* We could tell you as well as he, but we'll not Uſurp his Province.

*Fran.* The Truth is Madam, theſe two Gentlemen you call my Friends, are my two Elder Brothers.

*Leon.* Your Elder Brothers! *Fran.*

*Fran.* And *Julia*, your Favourite-Maid, is our Sister.

*Leon.* Stranger yet!

*Fran.* Nay, you shall have all out; by my troth, Madam, *I* am *Alcanzar*.

*Leon.*
*Pastra.* } *Alcanzar!*
*Anton.*

*Fran.* Yes, and by this Light, a better Conjurer than ever *Salamanca* bred; none of those pretend to more than to tell you what is to come; but *I* told you that, and acted it too: 'Tis a new Art, and far exceeds all ordinary Magick. The Vestal Virgins which from the *Tripos* did Pronounce my Oracles, were my two Sisters, *Maria* and *Lucia*, dress't like good Spirits: The two Ruffians, which made as if they would have Ravish'd you, were your two new Sons in-Law; and the Knight Errant which so valiantly Rescu'd the Lady in Distress, is your kind Husband *Francisco*. [*All Start.*

*Leon.* O Heavens! are we Cheated then?

*Fran.* Finely Cheated, since 'tis into good Husbands: For such by all that's good, you shall still find us; you wanted Honest Proper Men, and we wanted Rich and Handsom Wives: Consider then, what in all Conscience could both Parties desire better than what my Astrology has brought about.

*Leon.* To speak the truth, there's nothing troubles me, but that I should be defrauded into what *I* like.

*Fran.* Those Wives are happy that are not Defrauded after they are Married.

*Pastra.* to *Guiv.* And did you join in this Conspiracy?

*Guiv.* Join in it? Yes, my pretty half of my self, and contriv'd my part of it too.

*Anto.* to *Alva. I* thought *I* had taken him to whom my Stars design'd me.

*Alv.* Thou hast done better, pretty Flesh of my Flesh, thou hast taken him that Heaven design'd for thee, for their Marriages thou knowest are made: Stars, are wandring things, ne'er mind 'em.

*Leon.* But *I* hope you are Gentlemen by Birth.

*Fran.* Yes, on my Life, we are.

*Leon.* This revies me to know you are so Nobly Born and Bred; so that *I* am fully Satisfied.

*Pastra.* And I.

*Anto.* And I.

*Alv.* Nay, if you are satisfied already, judge what you will be by to Morrow Morning.

*Leon.* But what's become of *Julia*? the hour for her return is long since out.

*Fran.* I must beg her Pardon for a while; but I'm sure she'll be here immediately, and her Husband too.

*Leon.* Her Husband! who's that?

*Fran.* E'en *Don Guzman* his own sweet self; but *I* was forc'd to be *Alcanzar* again, and Conjure to get her for him: That History is pleasant, but now too long to be Related; you shall hear it at large in some more seasonable Hour.

*Guiv.* We were the two Gentlemen brought to Distress, which were to make your Happiness; you shall within these few Hours, find the Oracle most True.

*Alv.* We should be the basest Rogues in Nature, if we did not make good our own Prophecies.

*Enter* Guzman *Leading* Julia.

*Guzm.* Now we are come hither, keep thy word, and tell me, my pretty little Conqueress, why thou didst tye me to this Visit, for by *Œdipus*, I cannot of my self Unriddle it.

*Jul.*

*Jul.* Only to bring you Acquainted with your new Kindred; these three Gentlemen are my Brothers, and these three Ladies are my Sisters in Law. [*The three Ladies run to* Julia, *Embrace and Kiss her.*

*Guzm.* Hey day! by *Hocus pocus*, the small Perecranium of my little Spouse, is Crack'd; the joy of being Married to me, has turn'd topsy turvy all the Pap in her Skull: Why, by *Gog* and *Magog*, these three are *Leonora*, *Pastrana* and *Antonia*, and those the two St. *George*'s that were my Seconds against *Don Edo.* (For since he turn'd his Breech upon me, *I* will call him by the Reer of his Name:) And *Don Piracco the Defunct*, for so I'll make him: But who this third Knight of glittering Cloaths is, by *Sagittarius* and *Aquarius* too, I know not. [Fran. *Embraces* Guzm.

*Fran.* Sir, since you call the Lady you Lead, your Wife, you must give me leave to call you my Brother, for she is my Sister.

*Guzm.* By *Ursa Major*, *I* begin to imagin this is a Second *Astrological Cabinet*; your Name *I* pray Sir?

*Fran.* My Names are *Don Francisco de Alcanzar.*

*Guzm.* Are you any thing of kin to *Alcanzar* the Fam'd Astrologer? Methinks by your Sir-Name you should be.

*Fran.* So near a-kin as he is to himself, which you would soon acknowledge were this my Conjuring Perewig on, my Gown girt about me, and my Magical Wan in my hand, with which *I* made you Shot-free for 500 Crowns, and [*draws out of his Pocket a black Perewig.* my self too for the like Sum, the better to serve you as your Second, against *Don Ove*, that broke his Leg, yet an Hour after, out-run you, and Tuck'd you, you know where. Do you know me by all these Signs? By the *Zodiack*, methinks you should.

*Guz.* By the *Bucentaur* of *Venice*, *Francisco* and *Alcanzar* are Incorporated; twas not my small Spouse that was Mad, but I. Well, I am Gull'd, yet I'll bravely bear it; by *Agamemnon*, *I* will. But Brother *Francisco de Alcanzar*, I hope your Sister has been Chaster than she's Rich; that is, that she is a Maid.

*Fran.* I dare swear she is as good a one as your Father and your Mother were e'er they lay together.

*Guzm.* Is she not a better? For *I* know not what Pranks they plaid, e'er they Danc'd in one pair of Sheets.

*Fran.* Nay, on my Conscience, they were both Maids when they were Married, else they could not have got so wise a Son: But *I* beg your Pardon, *I* must be gone.

*Guzm.* Whether in such haste?

*Fran.* I must run to *Alcanzar* to buy a Spell to keep my Sides together, to see how like an Ass *Guzman* will look, when he finds *I* have Plow'd with his Ox.

*Guzm.* Nay, by *Caligula*, this is down right Tyranny, abuse thy Brother; come give me a Portion, and by *Damian* and *Pythias*, wee'll be Friends.

*Fran.* A Portion! why thou hast a double one; Beauty and Maiden-head.

*Guzm.* Make me but as sure of the last as *I* am of the first, and hang Portion, *I* need it not.

*Julia* to *Guzm.* By *Alcanzar*'s Astrological Cabinet, if you doubt my Virginity I'll make *Aries* and *Capricorn* the Ascendant Signs of thy Forehead; by the Great Cham of *Tartaria*, *I* will, and let me see who dares say me nay. [*Puts her Arms a Kembo.*

*Guzm.* How now my little Amazonian *Thelestris*, in Arms already? by *Semiramis*, *I* have gotten a Virago in Petticoats.

*Fran.* Now judge if she were like to commit Fornication with any Body; that is so ready to buffet no less than her Husband but for naming of it.

*Guzm.* Come, my *Artemizia* of *Hely-carnassus*, by *Joves* Lady I'll never be Jealous of thee.

*Jul.* If you be, I'll Cure you of it, by *Taurus.*

*Fran.* Since Peace is thus concluded, though I cannot give you a Portion

on of a thousand Crowns; yet I forgive you a Debt of that Sum: There's your Bond.——— [*Flings his Bond to him.*

*Guzm.* Content to receive a Thousand Crowns with a Wife, or to be paid a Thousand by one, is as broad as long.

*Enter* Oviedo *leading* Maria, *and* Piracco Lucia, (Piracco *starts*)

*Ovie.* Why do you start?

*Pir.* Do not you see the two Bravoes there?

*Ovie.* No matter, *Guivarro* and *Alvares* promis'd to meet us here, and they never break their Words: Should our Antagonists begin a Quarrel, we deserv'd to be beaten, if we cannot hinder it from Extremity, till our Auxiliaries come, and then we may safely bear up to 'em——Ladies we come to bring our Wives to be acquainted with you.

*Pastra.* We wish you Joy of them.

*Pir.* That Wish is needless, their Beauties give us it.

*Guzm.* Stick to me bravely, and then by *Tomumbeius* of *Ægypt*, have at them. Will none of you Assist me? None of you dare Second me? ——— [Guzm. *draws*, Fran. Gui. Alva. *hastily aside.* (Guz. *draws, and makes as if he would run at them, but stirs not* (*crying*) (Fran. *seises on* Guz. *Sword.*

*Fran.* What do you mean? Sure you do not know them? [Gu. *and* Alva. *to* Pir. *and* Ovie. *saluting them; they talk together.*

*Guzm.* Not know them! By *Numa Pompilius*, these are my two Back-biters.

*Fran.* I thought how well you knew them, I say they are your Brothers-in-Law.

*Guzm.* By *Naso's Metamorphosis*, this is admirable.

*Fran.* Do you not see your Lady and their two Wives kiss and embrace like Sisters? Separate your self a little from the Company, and I'll acquaint you with all.

*Ovie.* to *Guiv.* You tell me Wonders, *Guiv.* and *Alva.* are married to *Pastrana* and *Antonia*? and our two Wives, your two Sisters?

*Guiv.* 'Tis most certain!

*Alva.* When we had the good Fortune to save you from the four Bravoes, your Gratitudes invited us by large Pensions to be your Attendants; and though our Wants made us comply, yet we are, at least, of equal Birth to yours, though the Frowns of Chance robb'd us of all our Fortunes; but we dare say, bating what the World calls Portions, you are not unequally married. [*Clashing of Swords ready.*

*Guiv.* The Ambition of being ally'd to you, engag'd us in all those Arts, which we have practis'd to attain it.

*Ovie.* For my part, I rejoice that we are married to the Sisters of those whose Brothers saved our lives.

*Pir.* Portions are but the Invention of Gown-men: a meer Trick to inhance the price of Drawing, and of Engrossing Settlements. I could never see a Reason why a Man should pay Mony to lie with a dishonest Woman, and receive Mony to lie with an honest One.

*Ovie.* I would fain hear the most Learned of all the Long-Robe answer what *Piracco* now has said.

*Guiv.* Believ't, 'tis unanswerable: But, Sir, I have an humble Suit to you; 'tis that you two and *Don Guzman* will be friends: there's Reason for it now, since you are Brothers-in-Law.

*Pir.* How so?

*Alva.* He's married to our younger Sister, *Julia.*

*Ovie.* Nay, then it must be: For since Women can quench Love, 'tis but just they should also quench Hate.

*Fran.* Come, they wait for your advance; the'll meet you above half way. Alv. Gui. *beckon* Fran. [*All four advance towards* Guzman.

*Guzm.* Else, by *Lucifer*, I will not stir one foot.

*Fran.* You see they are coming.

*Guzm.* Nay then, by the *Pleiades*, I cannot be Ill-natur'd on my Wedding-day.——— [*Embrace.*

*Guiv.*

*Guiv.* In that Embrace, let all paſt Quarrels be forgiven and forgotten.

*Guzm.* Forgiven, If you will; but by *Lethe*, they cannot be forgotten, till the two Fontenels they have made me here are ſiccatriz'd.

*Noiſe with Swords. Enter a Servant.* [A great Noiſe without.

*Leon.* What Noiſe is that?

*Serv.* Oh, Madam, a couple of old Gentlemen with Spectacles on their Noſes, leading home their Daughters and attended only by their Chaplain, are aſſaulted at the Door by three drunken Students, and there are none to reſcue them. [*Ex. Servant.*

*Guiv.* *Alvares* and *Franciſco*, let us three go and help them. 'Tis an Affront to the Houſe to have ſuch Violence offer'd under the Walls of it.

*Fran.* Away, away; loſe no time. [*Theſe three draw, and run out haſtily.*

*Ovie.* to *Pir.* What if theſe ſhould be our two Reverend Uncles coming from Matrimony?

*Pir.* Nay, 'tis three to one they are they, with their two Wives and their Prieſt.

*Guzm.* What does Reverend Age do abroad at this hour of the Night, eſpecially with Wenches? 'Death, they deſerve not to be reſcued; for my part, I abjure the doing of it.

*Pir.* When they come in, let's upbraid them for Whoring.

*Ovie.* Content, and let's engage *Paſtrana*, *Antonia* and *Guzman*, to reprove them ſeverely for it; 'twill heighten the Farſe.

*Pir.* I'll go and perſwade them to ſecond us, and do you make our Wives cover their Faces, till they have the Watch-word.

*Ovie.* Leave me to my part, and go about your own.

*Mar.* Well! we will Vail our ſelves; if it be they, until we have our Cue given us. [*Ov. goes to* Mar. Pir. *to* Paſtr. *and* Guzman *Whiſpering.*]

*Luc.* I am glad of it, elſe, though they had been our Fathers, we ſhould have burſt out a Laughing in their Faces.

*Enter* Guiv. Alva. Fran. *leading in* Salaz. Fern. Tireleſa, Tireletta, (*both Mask'd*) *the Prieſt following.*

*Guiv.* The Raſcals fled as ſoon as they but ſaw our Swords.

*Salaz.* Gentlemen, we owe you our Lives, and theſe Ladies their Honors

*Ovie.* By this Light our two Uncles!

*Pir.* Ah, Uncles! I little thought you would turn Wenchers, and be Rambling at this unſeaſonable hour of the Night, to follow your Game.

*Ovie.* Fie, why ſhould you, to ſave Charges, be your own Caterers? were you ne'er ſo Cock-a-hoop, you might have had an old She Adjutant in a Minute, to have brought to your own Houſes theſe natural Julips.

*Guzm.* By *Hyems*, this is a ſtrange ſinful Age, that old Men, which have each of 'em one Foot in the Grave, ſhould be running on both Feet, and in *Cemerian* Darkneſs too, after their Fornication; you that by your Age, wrizl'd Faces, and Silver Hair, ſhould be *Solon*'s and *Lycurgus*'s, to turn *Aretin*'s and *Agrepina*'s; I am aſham'd of it.

*Salaz.* Are you all Mad? Theſe two are not our Wenches, but our Wives. [*All ſeem amazed.*

*Fern.* Why do you ſtare thus?

*Ovie.* Alas, Uncles! this way of Lying is worſe than to do it with Wenches.

*Paſtra.* Indeed, Sir, the Excuſe is as bad as the Fault: Men of your Years to marry Girls, it is two to one they give you an incurable Head-Ach.

*Anton.* Married! 'tis impoſſible? Alas, what have your Nephews done to affront you, that you ſhould thus chuſe to diſinherit them, only to make your Wives Children your Heirs?

*Ovie.* Married, ſaid you? to whom? *Salaz.* I am to *Maria.*

*Fern.* And I to *Lucia*; and this is the holy Prieſt, that not an hour ſince did Join our Hands.

*Ovie.* *Maria* and *Lucia!* Why, thoſe are the Names of our Wives.

*Salaz.* A hundred ſeveral Women, may have one Name, but theſe two are our Wives; nor are we aſham'd to ſhew you their Faces; Pray take off your Masks.

*Fern.*

*Fern.* We own them for your Aunts. [Tirel. Tireleſa *unmask,* Salaz. Fern. *ſtep back holding up their Hands.*

*Salaz.* What's this? *Fernando* we are betray'd and cheated.

*Fern.* I am turn'd a Statue———— [*All Laugh*; Mar. *and* Luc. *unvail.*

*Salaz.* In the Name of Wonder, what are ye?

*Tirel.* Your Donſhip's Ladies, as well can teſtifie this faithful little Levite.

*Tireleſa.* Our Names are *Tireletta* and *Tireleſa,* we were Maids to *Maria* and *Lucia*; but now for want of better, their Ladiſhips Aunts.

[Fran. *goes and gazes at the Prieſt.*

*Guzm.* By *Copernicus,* Conjuring Names, and Jugling Faces; this comes of making Love with Spectacles; by *Caſſandra*'s Propheſies, conſidering how Ante-Eagle-Ey'd theſe Old Fellows are, 'twas well they light upon two of the right Sex; and not upon two Patriarchs, with fork'd Swallow-tail'd-Beards, that reach'd to their Navels; for if they had, this Ambulatory young Elder, would, for double pay, have married them as cheerfully to thoſe Magi—and to theſe two Cockatrices.

*Salaz.* Undone for ever, and paſt hope too, of Redemption.

*Fern.* Ah, *Salazar!* To live till Eighty, in the repute of wiſe and honeſt Men, and then to act this Folly; I hope the Grief of it will fling me in my Grave.

*Salaz.* That's the only hope that's left me too.

*Guzm.* By *Actæon,* you have reaſon; for 'tis better to be ſix Foot lower than the Surface of the Earth, than ſix Foot higher than the Crown of your Heads: For ſo tall I Propheſie they'll graft your Noddles.

*Fran.* Make room for me, I cannot ſee two Uncles to my Siſters in ſuch torment, and not give 'em eaſe; tell me, Gentlemen! would your being unmarried cure your Griefs?

*Salaz.* O, Sir! Do not you mock us too?

*Fern.* Heap not Scorn on Affliction!

*Fran.* By my Life, I am in earneſt. Will you give your preſent Wives Five hundred Crowns apiece to get other Husbands with, and their Houſhold Chaplain a Hundred more, to buy Books, a Caſſock, and a Gown, if I make good what I have ſpoken?

*Salaz.* Would we? Yes, as willing as Sick Men would be well.

*Fern.* Alas! you talk of Impoſſibilities.

*Fran.* Bind your ſelves by Vow before all this Company, and I'll inſtantly perform what I have ſaid.

*Salaz. Fern.* We Vow it, before all theſe Witneſſes.

*Fran.* Then thus I make your Marriages Null. [Fran. *pulls off the Perewig, and her Woman's Hair falls about her Ears.*

I geſt this was my Siſter's Laundreſs.

*Prieſt.* I only mumbl'd over ſome few words, which I made them take for Matrimony.

*Salaz.* You have relieved us Sir, from Pains, which would have kill'd us in two Hours.

*Fern.* Our Debts to them we'll pay to night, as we have promiſed; but thoſe we owe you, can ne'er be ſatisfied.

*Guzm.* By *Cræſus,* what a *Maſs* of *Mony* might be raiſed among the Huſbands of a Years ſtanding, could *Franciſco* inable them to prove, that every one of them had been ſo married?

*Jul.* Take heed you do not in ſix *Months* wiſh he could do it for you too.

*Leon.* Since all our ſtorms are thus happily over-blown, 'tis fit we now ſhould reſt; this Night ye are all my Gueſts.

*Guzm.* By *Hercules*'s Labors, who e'er but names the word Reſt among ſo many Brides and Bride-Grooms, Affronts the Company. Why, the two grave Uncles yonder, had they not been divorc'd, would by way of Indignation, have ſpit in the very Face of that dull *Mono*-ſyllable.

*Who thinks of Reſt the day he Weds a Wife,*
*Deſerves to be depriv'd of it for Life.*

FINIS.

# GUZMAN.

## A

# COMEDY.

Acted at the

*THEATRE-ROYAL.*

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Written by the

Right Honorable the Earl of *ORRERY.*

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*LONDON:*

Printed for *Francis Saunders* at the Blue Anchor in the Lower Walk of the *New-Exchange* in the *Strand.* 1693.

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TO

The Right Honorable

# LIONEL

EARL OF

# ORRERY,

Baron of *BROGHILL*, &c.

*MY LORD*,

UPON my Peruſal of *Guzman* in Manuſcript, I thought it a piece of Juſtice to the World, as well as to the Memory of your Lordſhips Honorable Grand-Father, the moſt Ingenious and Accompliſh'd Earl of *Orrery*, to ſee it Publiſhed with the Volume of his other Plays. I was ſurprized to find, that the Author of the *Black Prince*, *Harry the Fifth*, and *Muſtapha*, ſhould have a Genius for Comedy, when he condeſcended to that Task. The Tale of *Guzman* appears to have been a *Spaniſh* Deſign, and therefore naturally grave; but the Spirit of my Lord *Orrery*'s Wit was ſufficient

to quicken the Maſs, to enliven and beautifie it to that degree as renders it an Entertainment for an Engliſh Reader. The Intriegue is carried on with Variety of Accidents and Pleaſant Circumſtances, and (which is the Life and Perfection of Comedy,) wound up into a natural and ſurprizing Concluſion. I have very ſeldom ſeen ſo many Characters of Perſons and ſeparate Intereſts managed with ſo much Conduct, as not to perplex the Tale, but every Thing ſerviceable to the Progreſs of the main Deſign. The Reputation of *Muſtapha* has been eſtabliſhed by the Approbation of all ſorts of Spectators, and will continue a juſt Model of Tragedy, as long as the Stage ſhall laſt. The Story is magnificent, the Characters and Perſons of the Nobleſt Rank, which are all maintained to their Dignity, and preſerved in their proper Colours; The Buſineſs of greateſt Importance; The Expreſſion and Sentiments Juſt and Noble; The Paſſion and Diſtreſs wrought up to ſuch a Height, as commands our Attention and Affections.

The Noble Author of the enſuing Comedy was furniſh'd within himſelf for any Performance of Wit, foraſmuch as no Man of his Time better underſtood Men and Things. He was not only an Example of Ingenuity Himſelf, but a great Encourager of it in Others. Indeed there was no ſort of Merit that eſcaped his Patronage. Poetry was but one of his Accompliſhments. As for his other Qualifications, derived to him from his Predeceſſors, thoſe he ſupported in his own Perſon and Character, and tranſmitted them with Advantage to your Lordſhips Honorable Father, who has again reſign'd them as Hereditary to your Lordſhip. That Sweetneſs of Temper, that Principle of Juſtice and Generoſity, which are already conſpicuous in your Lordſhip, give ſure Promiſes,

that

that you will maintain the Honor and Reputation of your Predeceſſors. The World and Time are yet before you, and you have already obtain'd ſo great an Intereſt in Mankind, as to have every Body's good Wiſhes. For my own part I am obliged, not only upon the promiſing Hopes I have conceived of your Lordſhip, but likewiſe upon the Alliance you have to our moſt Honorable *Engliſh Mæcenas*, to whom the Acknowledgments of the Muſes are eternally devoted, neither will it ever be determined, whether he is more a Favorer of *them*, or *their* Favorite. I have already acquainted your Lordſhip with the Occaſion of this Addreſs, and cannot deſpair of your Lordſhip's Acceptance of the following Piece in Print, which (I queſtion not) will be favorably received by the World. I would only farther beg leave to ſay, that I am, with all Reſpect and Sincerity,

*My LORD,*

*Your LORDSHIPS moſt*

*Devoted Humble* SERVANT

N. TATE.

# Dramatis Personæ.

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|---|---|
| Guzman. | *An Old Covetous, Rich, Amorous, Cowardly Buffoon.* |
| Franciſco.<br>Guivarro.<br>Alvares. | *Three Brothers, Gentlemen of decay'd Fortunes, left to ſhift by their Wits.* |
| Oviedo.<br>Piracco. | *Two Young Foppiſh Dons, of plentiful Fortunes, Pretenders to* Antonia *and* Paſtrana. |
| Salazar.<br>Ferdinando. | *Uncles and Guardians to* Oviedo *and* Piracco, *who, in ſtead of Diſcharging their Truſt, are themſelves practiſed upon.* |
| Maria.<br>Lucia. | *Siſters to* Guivarro, Franciſco, Alvares, *and Confederates in their Deſign.* |
| Leonora. | *A Rich Widow.* |
| Antonia.<br>Paſtrana. | *Her Daughters, great Fortunes, all Three practiſed upon by the forementioned* Alvares *and his Brothers.* |
| Julia. | Leonora's *Woman, Youngeſt Siſter to* Maria *and* Lucia. |
| Tireletta.<br>Tirelesa. | *Maid-Servants formerly to* Maria *and* Lucia. |

*Boy dreſt like a Spirit.*

# Scene Salamanca.

# GUZMAN.

# A COMEDY.

## ACT I.

*The First Scene is a Piazza, with Walks of Trees, and Houses round about it.*

Enter *Guivarro*, *Alvaret*, *Maria* and *Lucia*.

*Guiv.* WEEP not, *Maria*, thy Tears afflict me more than all the rest of our Misfortunes can.

*Alva* Dear *Lucia*! Do not Sigh, since 'twas not by our Crimes, but our Dead Fathers Prodigality, that we are now reduc'd to this low Condition.

*Maria.* I mourn not for my Self, but for our Family, bred up to all the Pleasures of a great Estate; but knew not of his Debts, till, at his Death, all that he had was Seized on; Why were we waked out of that Charming Dream?

*Lucia.* And you, our deareſt Brothers, reduced to wait upon Two Lords, to whom you were by Birth to be Companions.

*Guiv.* Alaſs, we are not only ty'd to wait upon their Perſons, but their Humours too, A Servitude which nothing could Engage us in, but to Support you and your Siſters: But that end makes all ways pleaſant which leads to it.

*Alva.* Prethee forbear, our fortunes are ſo ſad, that rather than lament we ſhould ſtudy how to mend them, though *Oviedo* and *Pyrraces* have their Defects, yet they are liberal Maſters, and by their Mony, we have furniſh'd for your Uſe, that fine Appartment you are now to lodge in, by which we have been able to lay a Deſign, ſo likely to ſucceed, that the Joy it gives me, has ſuppreſſed my Grief.

*Guiv.* We do but wear the Names of Servants, and thereby Command their Purses; as we hope you Two shall soon their Hearts; your Births, your Educations, and your Beauties, joined with our Contrivances, must restore our withered Fortunes: *Francisco*, our Youngest Brother, who was bred up under a great Astrologer, we have hir'd a House for, and have already made him famous for Telling Fortunes, nay for Negromancy; his Conjuring Name you must remember is *Alcanzar*.

*Alva.* You two must cry him up to all the Ladies, and the Gallants, you converse with. Our Youngest Sister *Julia*, we have plac'd with *Leonora*, the Rich Widow, Mother to the Great Heiresses, *Antonia* and *Pastrana*.

*Guiv.* These are the Foundations on which we mean to build, you both must live after the manner which we shall direct. But you must hastily retire, for I see *Oviedo* and *Pirracco*, with their Two Uncles *Salazar* and *Fernando*, coming. [*Ex. Mar.* and *Lucia*.

Enter *Oviedo*, *Pirracco*, *Salazar*, and *Fernando*, with Spectacles on their Noses.

*Salaz.* *Antonia* and *Pastrana* are the most Eminent for Wealth and Beauty; my Brother, your deceased Father, made it the Business of his Life to Wed you there.

*Fern.* And had, before his Death, so far advanced it, as now it rests on you to perfect what his Care so well began.

*Ovi.* Uncles, the Old are unfit to chuse Wives for the Young.

*Pir.* Men should look with Eyes, and not with Spectacles in Affairs of Love.

*Ovied.* Nor would I Wed the Empress of the World, though she were the greatest Beauty of it, in that dull Method of our grave Fore-Fathers; 'Sfoot, they marry'd as they purchased Lands, agreed upon the Bargain, then entred and took Possession.

*Pirr.* They Wedded Wealth to Wealth, when the chief Benefit of Riches is, to make Election of what most we like.

*Salaz.* And if what most you like have Riches too, I hope that makes it not the Worse.

*Ovied.* To me it does exceedingly; it gives a Wife too great a Motive to be proud, when she can upbraid her Husband, that 'twas she (forsooth,) increased his Fortune, whereas Marrying for Beauty only pleases me, obliges her, and keeps her humble too.

*Fern.* These are new Maxims Nephew.

*Pirr.* And therefore I like them the better; I have seen so much Mischief happen by following the Old, that I am resolved to try some fresh Experiments.

*Ovied.* 'Twould be an Injustice to all Humane Kind, if still the Rich should only Wed the Rich, the World would then consist only of Usurers and Beggars: But if Rich Men marry the poor and handsom Women, and the Rich Women the Poor and handsom Men, the Gifts of Nature, and of Fortune, will be equally distributed; Delight and Wealth so shar'd will restore to both the Sexes that Happiness, which the Old formal Ways of acting have so long deprived them of.

*Pirr.* Young and handsom is Portion enough to him that needs not any.

*Salaz.* Notwithstanding these fine Axioms, pray visit them, or at least shew us better Reasons why you will not.

*Pirr.* Why 'tis Reason enough, that thus you press us to it, I hate Constraint in any thing, and in Love above all things.

*Fra.* Yes, yes, pretty well, but now *Guzman*, you have discharg'd let me march up and give Fire too.

*Ovied.* Pray, Uncles! press us no more! our Father rul'd us whilst he was alive, and we'll rule our Selves now he is Dead.

*Pirr.* Why, this is as bad to us as if he were still living.

*Fern.* Farewell! we pity you [Ex. *Salaz.* and *Fernand.*

*Ovied.* And we our Selves whilst you are with us; But now they are gone; Tell me my *Piracco*, why you will not Court *Antonia*.

*Pirr.* I will, so you will tell me, Why you will not Court *Pastrana*.

*Ovied.* Because, I doubt, should I make her an Address, none would dare to be my Rival; 'tis known I love a Duel more than I love a Mistress, and delight to make my Conquest over Men, my ways to be Victorious over Woman—Now your Reason.——

*Pirr.* I will never marry till I can get a Wife by some Stratagem; She, that I can take when She is at her own dispose, will never attempt to break from one, who, she has experimented, has the Master-Wit. And should I now Win *Antonia*, our Solemn Uncles would brag they and my Father got her for me: I Scorn to build on others Mens Foundations. But, Did you ever see *Pastrana*?

*Ovied.* No more than you have seen *Antonia*.

*Guiv.* These Resolves are pretty; he that has no Brains will get a Wife by a Stratagem; and that has no Heart will get his Wife by a Duel.

*Alva.* I doubt they resolve to live Batchelors.

*Enter* Guzman *and* Francisco, *Muffled in their Cloaks, with Musicians following 'em.*

*Fran.* 'Tis under that Balcony, you must Play and Sing.

*Guz.* Are you sure it is *Antonia* and *Pastrana*'s Window?

*Fran.* Are you sure your Name's *Guzman*, and mine *Francisco*?

*Ovie.* Why, What's the matter? [*While the Musick is Tuning,* Guivar. *and* Alvares *run to* Ovied. *and* Pirr. *& bid 'em stand upon their Guards.*

*Guiv.* Do you not see some muffl'd there?

*Pirr.* Pish! those are Gallants who intend to give a Serenade to some Ladies, but yet I may Mistake, and they may have some design on us.

*Ovied.* However, I love to have my Sword in a readiness; when this is in my hand, let others fear, for I cannot.

*Pirr.* Prithee let's be gone, I like not Duels in the Dark.

*Ovied.* What afraid, *Pirracco*?

*Pirr.* No, no, only in all things I love Circumspection.

## SONG.

*OPEN those Casements which Confine*
*The Brightest Beauties that do shine;*
*Beauties which such Strong Beams display*
*As out of Night can form a Day.*
*A Day which they have power to Crown,*
*With Joy or with despair;*
*For as they Smile, or as they frown,*
*So they can make it foul or fair.* [Ex. *Musick.*

*Guem.* Appear, fair Nymphs! and by the Lustre of your Eyes
Restore us Day before the Sun does rise.
I hope I rehearsed the Distick right; and by *Musæus* I'me sure spoke it Heroically.

Musick

Muſick but to the Ear does Joy diſpence,
But your fair Eyes will Raviſh every Sence.

Ladies, the Fame of your Triumphant Beauties has made us take this way to ſatisfie our Curioſities in ſeeing them.

[*A Balcony opens, in which* Antonia *appears dreſt in Pink-Colour, and* Paſtrana *in Sky-colowred Gowns.* Ovi. *and* Pirr. *ſeemed ſurprized and amazed.*

*Anto.* Is your Friend a Carthuſian, or elſe a Stranger that does not underſtand our Language, and therefore chuſes you to ſpeak for both.

[Guzm. *makes many ridiculous Legs and Faces, but does not ſpeak.*

*Guzm.* No. Ladies, I hope ere long to convince you, that I have not forſworn Fleſh, but am ſtudying for the fitteſt Words to tell you, that I make a Preſent of my Heart to you.

*Paſtra.* To which of us?

*Fra.* Say, To her in the Sky-Colour.

*Guzm.* I thank you; as if I could not tell better than you which pleaſes me; I ſay, I love her in the Pink beſt.

*Fra.* Why, ſhe is my Miſtreſs.

*Guzm.* That's pleaſant: Since when? Since when? Nay, no ſtudying.

*Fra.* Since I ſaw her firſt.

*Guzm.* And ſhe is mine juſt as long a Time: There is not one Moments difference, between the Births of our two Loves, by *Gemini*, I think they are Twins.

*Fra.* But mines the Elder, and if you will diſpute it, the beſt Sword ſhall try the Title.

*Guzm.* Nay, Sir, if you be ſo hot, know I wear an Iron Toy as well as you.

*Fra.* I'll try if you can uſe it as well as I can mine.

[*offers to Draw.*

*Guzm.* What? draw before a Woman, you ſhew your Breeding; but if you will be drawing, let it be Lots rather than Swords to determin whoſe ſhe ſhall be.

*Fra.* I ſcorn to rely on Fortune, when true valour ought to decide it.

*Guzm.* You are too haſty, Capt. Hector, ſince fortune is as blind as Love, ſhe ſeems to me the fitteſt Judge in our Cauſe; nor will I fight for her, till from her Self I know ſhe is for me.

*Fra.* The way to make her for thee, is in her Sight bravely to kill me.

*Guzm.* And then bravely to be hanged for't, if I were as poor as thou art, I would not care to ſuffer Death for any thing, much leſs for a Miſtreſs, as thou would'ſt order this Intrigue, I muſt either miſs my Love, or not miſs the Gallows.

*Fra.* Will you not fight then?

*Guzm.* Not yet, and for to ſpeak the Truth, I like 'em both ſo well, that which of them declares for me, I ſhall love her the beſt: yet, were I to chooſe, little Pink-Colour for my Pallat.

*Paſtr.* Are you yet agreed to which of us you make a Preſent of your Heart.

*Guzm.* E'en to which of you will firſt accept it; for your Beauties are equally ſo great, that I know not to which of you to give it. But either of you that have moſt mind to it may take it, 'tis at both your ſervices I aſſure you.

*Pirr.* They are Charming Fair.

*Ovied.* to *Guir.* and *Alva:* Go both of you and learn their Names and Qualities.

[*Ex.* Goi. *and* Alva.

*Ovied.* Now for a Stratagem, my *Pirrocco*, to get the Pink-Colour Beauty from thoſe two Rivals.

*Pirr.*

*Pist.* Here you may meet with what you most desire, Beauty and Rivals, why do you lose time to make your Conquest over Men, the way to be victorious over Women.

*Ovied* Pause a little I mean to dog these Gallants to their Lodgings, to Night, that I may see them in the Field to morrow.

*Pastr.* We have had as much dispute, who should accept your Heart, as you have had to which of us you will give it.

*Fra.* to *Anto.* } Ah! through my Eyes, Madam, you have Stoln away my Heart.

*Anto.* I doubt your Courage, Sir, is small, since your Heart can be drawn through so Strait a Passage.

*Fra.* Do not believe, because my Passion's great, my Courage is but small. Loves does often admirable things. Your Beauties, I confess, are vast, yet, since they find a Passage through my Eyes into my Heart, why may not my Heart as well find a Passage through my Eyes to you: Madam, you may as well condemn your own Charms, as doubt my Valour on the Score you do.

Guzm. *hems thrice.* }

*Beauty in Pink,*
*How canst thou think*
*That* Guzman's *Heart is small,*
*When thou dost see*
*He dares love thee*
*And tell it in a Madrigal.*

*Anto.* By this Light a Poet, Sister.

*Pastr.* He a Poet, alas, good Man! this is only what he has been taught by Rote.

*Guzm.* Hold thy Peace, Envy: I say this is a Spanker Madrigal, and newly minted in my Brain.

*Pastr.* And, I say, Sir Poet Fop, If you can make an *Extempore* Sonnet, chuse which of us you like the best, and she shall be your Mistress.

*Guzm.* A Match by *Homer*. Dear *Francisco*, thou art a Wit, help me at this Dead lift, and, by our Mistress's Virginity, Ile do the as good a Turn.

*Fra.* Thou that hast so strong a fancy, as to Imagine I will help thee to get my Mistress, hast the best Ingredient of a Poet; but, what the Devil set the thus a *Madrigalling*?

*Guzm.* Why, thou know'st I have still had a Twittering to be a Cottager of *Parnassus*, besides, I love the *Muses*, because they are Wenches, and therefore I never have an Amorous Fit, but at the same time I have a Poetical One.

*Fra.* Then thou art in Love, or need'st not my Assistance; but in this Case I will afford the none.

*Pastr.* Come, Fumbler, are you ready.

*Guzm.* Hang your Assistance, I scorn to be beholding to it. If *Madam*, my muse cannot walk on her Feet, Ee'n let her Lady-ship fall.

*Anto.* Is this the *Stanza* you promise us? It runs as dull as any Prose.

*Guzm.* 'Slid, she takes what I last spoke to thee for Verses, I see she's not a Wit: And therefore dost not thou think I may pass any thing upon her for a *Madrigal*.

*Fra.* Try, try; Any thing that Rhimes may Serve.

*Guzm.* Why, there's it; by Cupid, when I would not make Sonnets my fancy will coyn nothing else; and now, that I would make but one, and when my Mistress for that one does look, I'm duller than a Lover, that's forsook. Why, here's Witch craft again, Rhime and Verses when I need it not.